OUTLOOK
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"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

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Next Week

The Democrats Open a Congress
By Henry F. Pringle

For the first time since 1919 a party opposed to a President organize the House of Representatives. This article discusses the problems before a Congress divided between Democrats and Republicans, and tells how a Congress is opened.

Boss-Built Westchester
By Allen Raymond

How a New York County increased its taxable property by a farsighted program of public improvements.

The Bull Moose Fiasco
From Roosevelt: A Serial Biography
By Henry F. Pringle

New facts about the split in the Republican party, which carried Wilson to the White House and left the G. O. P. in the desert for eight years.

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WITH OUR READERS

Part Time Employment

To the Editor: *Santa Barbara, Calif.*

SIR—Your question, "After the Drive—What?", on page 363 of the OUTLOOK for November 18, is a very pertinent one that deserves the careful consideration of every patriotic American. As you say, it is a practical certainty that the amount of relief already planned that will be rendered to the unemployed during the present winter will be much smaller than the amount that will be needed, and the planning of additional relief that will be adequate ought to be undertaken at once. In this connection it seems to me that it would be an excellent plan for the OUTLOOK to immediately begin a vigorous drive designed to influence all of our private employers who now hire employees on a full time basis to reduce the full time working hours of such employees twenty-five per cent and distribute the employment involved among our unemployed at the current hourly rates of pay.

Sixty-five per cent or more of our regular salary earners and wage earners are said to be employed now on a full time basis, and if this be true a twenty-five per cent reduction in their working time would provide jobs on a three-quarter time basis for all of our unemployed without materially increasing the labor costs of their employers.

If all or a large majority of our more humane private employers could be induced to act immediately and thereafter in accordance with the plan outlined above, a large majority of our unemployed would have jobs in time to make it unnecessary for our employers and others to contribute to funds for the relief of the persons in question during the present winter, and the restoration of general prosperity in this country would be hastened very greatly.

While many of our private employers already are acting in accordance with the aforesaid plan, some of our employers for one reason or another are not in a position to do so, and many other employers are not willing to do so. *But our unemployed have just as good a right to live and earn their respective livings as our private employers and their present employees have, and they are equally entitled to opportunities to do so.* And such employers must voluntarily regulate the working hours of their employees in such a way and to such a degree that there always will be an adequate job for every lawabiding, economically efficient, adult citizen of this country, who shall be dependent upon subservient employment as a means of earning his living, or they will be compelled to do so under the direction of a national board of employment, as soon as the necessary constitutional amendment and other laws can be enacted.

Fear of unemployment and fear of economic want have been demonstrated to be major causes of the hoarding of incomes and subnormal buying of commodities and other things that are responsible for the starting and continuance of major business depressions in this country, and the logical way to terminate and prevent such fears and their consequences is to appropriately readjust the working hours of our salary earners and wage earners as often as may be necessary to keep all of them provided with adequate opportunities to earn their respective livings.

WILLIAM R. SAUNDERS.

The President's Relief Fund

To the Editor: *Chapala, Mexico*

SIR—I read your announcement that, in spite of doubts as to the great efficacy of Mr. Hoover's unemployment relief measures through individual initiative and cooperation, you were donating space in the OUTLOOK for advertisement by his committee. Then I read the committee's advertisement. Surely you must have been prompted to comment on it but refrained for obvious reasons. For no such reasons need your readers refrain.

If anything could be calculated to alienate intelligent givers to Mr. Hoover's Relief Fund, it would be the incredible ballyhoo of his supposedly responsible agents who blurt their nonsense in this full-page advertisement. No burlesque in which the magazine *Ballyhoo* has exposed commercial advertising has been quite so untrue to reality or so crassly vulgar as this appeal. How could any group behind it be capable of sane management?

Speed the day when Congress assembles and genuinely patriotic leaders offer the country a more respectable example and program.

WITTER BYNNER.

British Humor

To the Editor: *Calgary, Alberta*

SIR—Some of your Armenian readers seem to have taken seriously the interview of Colonel Lawrence with Mr. Lincoln Steffens, as reported in your issue of the 14th of October last. We British people recognize it as merely a case of having a joke with the reporter. Such quiet humor is a common and rather likable characteristic of the Englishman. So far as its meaning is concerned, there was none and none was intended. It looks as if Mr. Steffens himself had not realized all the fun poked at him.

CLIFFORD T. JONES.

Federal Price Fixing

To the Editor: *Farmville, Va.*

SIR—I agree with you in thinking the price pegging activities of the Federal Farm Board will probably show a loss of one or two hundred million dollars—but why should you work yourself into such a state each week over trifles. Of course you know that tobacco revenue amounts annually to about as much as the total revolving fund of the Board and you must know the grower is penalized in proportion to taxation. Of course you know that a "loan" of some four billion dollars was made by the government to the railroads—some years back—and you don't "froth" over it. Of course you know that the stabilization activities of the Board have been minor to those in fostering and assisting Cooperative Marketing Associations, publicity to the contrary not withstanding.

A few of us farmers are still able to find five dollars a year for good reading, and I for one hugely enjoy the OUTLOOK, but I do wonder sometimes if you aren't a bit biased against the farmer and agencies for his assistance, or maybe just misinformed. F. V. SHELDON.

Brief Criticism

To the Editor: *New Haven, Conn.*

SIR—I consider your magazine utterly untrustworthy and malicious, and therefore valueless. What is good in it on the surface is discredited by the editors' failure in integrity of mind and character, shadowing all its contents.

I am also one of those who take the dry side and stand back of the President, and resent very much, not the fact of your opposition, but its type, analogous to the methods of poor, half-baked youths of the tenements. S. E. KENTEL.

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WONDER WHAT A PRESIDENT THINKS ABOUT?

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

▸▸ Trend of the Week ◂◂

▸▸*Some Thoughts*

DEAN DONHAM of the Harvard Business School thinks that an economic general staff should be created and that the federal government should vote appropriations for the relief of unemployment. Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank of New York thinks that the law of supply and demand will control business more effectively than any general staff could do. Professor Keyes of the University of Illinois thinks that the depression can be ended by stimulating the public's jaded appetite for goods. Virgil Jordan, New York economist, thinks that the depression should be tackled by using taxes to redistribute wealth. Edward F. Harvey of Philadelphia thinks that taxes should be postponed until better times but that the federal government should loan money to retailers. Professor Taussig of Harvard thinks that industry should set aside unemployment reserve funds. Professor Ripley of Princeton thinks that the states should set up unemployment insurance systems with only the employers contributing and that the anti-trust laws should be revised. Professor Fetter of Princeton thinks the anti-trust laws should not be revised. And Eddie Cantor thinks—and his book, *Yoo Hoo Prosperity!*, says—that there's really only one thing to do: Find out who discovered America and give it back to him.

▸▸*Nearing Another High*

UNTIL LITTLE San Salvador expelled her government on December 3 there seemed discouragingly little chance that Latin-America in 1931 would equal her revolution record of 1930. Panama had started the year with a *coup d'état* and Peru and Chile had followed suit before autumn. But, counting the forced resignation of the president of Paraguay in October, here were but four successes to match against last year's six—in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Guatemala, Peru and the Dominican Republic. This year, of course, had seen some revolutionary efforts—in Argentina, Brazil, Ecuador, Venezuela and Cuba—but efforts don't count. Nothing counts but successes, such as that in San Salvador, which, like the other successful revolutions of 1930 and 1931, is attributed primarily to the depression. The San Salvadorean revolution reawakens one's hopes. There are still a few weeks before the end of the year and Latin-America can still break her 1930 record if only she gets going immediately.

▸▸*Wet Democratic Trend*

LITTLE BY LITTLE the wets have been increasing their strength in Congress. In the special elections of 1931 they have both held and added to the seats they gained in the regular elections of 1930, first by winning all the November 3 contests to fill the five vacancies in the House and more recently by electing the wet Richard M. Kleberg to succeed the late Representative Wurzbach of Texas and the wet Percy H. Stewart to succeed the late Representative Ackerman of New Jersey.

This year's special elections have also spelled gains for the Democrats. Both Kleberg and Stewart are Democrats, though both come from Republican districts. After the regular elections of 1930—in which they gained fifty seats—the Democrats held 216 House seats while the Republicans held 218. The year brought vacancies in five Democratic and seven Republican districts, one of which, in New Hampshire, will hold its election in January. Of the eleven other elections the Democrats have won eight, the Republicans three. Since they have carried all five of their own districts and three of the six Republican districts, they now have 219 House seats while the Republicans have 214. Here, then, is a simple picture of the Democratic, anti-Hoover trend: In the regular congressional elections of 1930 the Democrats captured one of every five contested Republican seats; in the special elections of 1931 they have captured one of every two.

▸▸*Hoover's Arithmetic*

BETWEEN his inauguration and his campaign for reëlection a President sends three budget messages to Congress. These messages are confined to cold finances and afford no opportunity to dwell on "spiritual values." Each message is designed to guide and direct Congress in balancing revenues and expenditures. The financial estimates in each provide the foundations upon which fiscal policies are built. If the estimates are grossly inaccurate the foundations are unsound and the policies are apt to be shaky.

Mr. Hoover has just sent his third budget message to Congress. In his 1929 message he predicted a 1930 surplus of 225 million dollars. It turned out to be a surplus of 180 millions—an error of $45,000,000. He also predicted a 1931

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surplus of 123 millions and a year later predicted a 1931 deficit of 180 millions. It turned out to be a deficit of 902 millions—an error, in the first instance of $1,025,000,000 and, in the second instance, of $720,000,000. In his 1930 message Mr. Hoover also predicted a 1932 surplus of 30 millions, while in his 1931 message he has predicted a 1932 deficit of 2,122 millions—an error of $2,152,000,000. Mr. Hoover has made errors totalling $3,842,000,000. One can attribute the errors either to a failure on Mr. Hoover's part to understand the full extent of the depression or to a conscious and politically minded effort to minimize it. Whatever the explanation, they destroy all confidence in his financial statements. No faith can be placed in his present estimate of a $1,420,000,000 deficit for 1933. None can be placed in his estimate that $900,000,000 can be cut from this deficit by raising taxes to the level of the 1924 revenue act. Here, as in the past, Mr. Hoover dodges facts in favor of optimism, predicting increasingly large receipts even on the present tax basis. Moreover, in the face of $4,442,000,000 in deficits—accrued for 1931 and estimated for 1932 and 1933—he lacks the courage to propose more than "temporary" tax increases. His financial approach is not that of a sound executive. It has been and continues to be that of a beaming promoter.

▶▶*Flavor of the Week*

MASTER Gene Lauder Tunney, two weeks old, has his first picture published

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PREFERS BONDS
Paul Mellon, who follows his father, Andrew W., into banking

and the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* advocates the nomination of Newton D. Baker. Franklin D. Roosevelt calls a visit from Senator Fletcher of Florida "just a social call" and the town of Santa Claus, Indiana, retains its name. Andrew Mellon's son, Paul, abandoning literary aspirations, goes to work in the Mellon National Bank of Pittsburgh, a United States District Court appoints receivers to operate the Wabash Railroad, Secretary of Commerce Lamont notes a thirty-four per cent drop in American exports, Senator Smoot defends the Hawley-Smoot tariff law and Washington discusses a plan to restore the federal taxes of 1924. Representative Byrns of Tennessee says the House Appropriations Committee will be run in a "folksy" way.

Bank stocks break on rumor that Germany will go off the gold standard and Rex Bell, cowboy film actor, denies that he and Clara Bow were married on December 3. President Lewis of the United Mine Workers urges federal regulation of the soft coal industry and death comes for Charles E. Menches, said to have invented the ice cream cone. Mr. Hoover says "You've done good work and given full measure" to President Ella Boole of the W.C.T.U. as she hands him the total abstinence pledges of a million young Americans, his brother-in-law, Cornelius Leavitt, is acquitted of a charge of possessing liquor in Santa Monica, California, Mrs. Sabin of the wet Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform reports a membership of more than 400,000 and a group of Republicans starts to boom Dawes for President. Stanford University, Mr. Hoover's alma mater, decides to give a course on fishing.

▶▶*Such Is Fame*

THE DECEMBER ISSUE of the *Review of Reviews*, speculating on the possibility that the Democrats might organize the Senate, declares: "Senator Swanson of Virginia would make an excellent chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and Senator Overman as head of the Judiciary Committee would mark a distinct gain." May we respectfully call the attention of the *Review of Reviews* to the fact that Senator Overman died a year ago, on December 12, 1930.

▶▶*Gandhi's Defeat*

WE ARE NOW at the end of a clear-cut period in India's fight for independence. The period began in March, 1930, when Gandhi, with his celebrated march to the sea, opened the Nationalist campaign of civil disobedience, threatened a year before as a means of forcing Great Britain to grant India self-government. It ended on December 1, 1931, with the adjournment of the con-

Keystone

SKEPTIC
Charles E. Mitchell, who doubts efficacy of National Economic Council

ference on India in London—ended with failure for the Indian Nationalists. Mahatma Gandhi demanded immediate and complete independence. He did not get it.

The full extent of his failure will be evident to anyone who reviews the events since his march to the sea. In June, 1930, the long-awaited report of the British investigating committee headed by Sir John Simon recommended that India be given, not any full measure of freedom, but a few unimportant concessions in a new government, incidentally a federated one. This report, of course, was entirely unsatisfactory to Gandhi's Nationalists. Recognizing that it would be the basis of British action, they refused to attend the London conference convened in late 1930 to outline the new constitution.

This conference ended with the declaration that Britain would start India on the road toward dominion status—virtual autonomy—but that there must be a transitional period—of indeterminate length—during which Britain would continue to control the essential Indian functions—i. e., defense, finances and foreign affairs. The conference plan of a federated India under British control was scarcely more acceptable to Gandhi's Nationalists than the Simon report. Gandhi himself repeatedly dismissed it with statements that nothing short of complete independence would be acceptable. That was in early 1931. The impressive fact right now is that the second London conference has produced another British declaration which for the most part duplicates the first. Britain, as every one expected her to do, has

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politely told Gandhi that India will continue to be controlled by Britons.

Gandhi can therefore do one of two things—accept the British decision and thereby admit defeat, or reject it and start another revolution, hoping to force greater concessions from Britain than any she has granted up to now. For the present Britain has gone as far as she intends to go. It's Gandhi's move.

▶▶Mayor Walker's Plea

WHERE does the Mooney case stand now? Mayor Walker has appeared before Governor Rolph with Frank P. Walsh and Aaron Sapiro and, balancing their factual, legalistic arguments, has made a highly sentimental but obviously sincere appeal for a pardon. Its essential flavor may best be given by a brief quotation: "The sun will go down on California tonight in all its glory and all its splendor. It will go down tomorrow night and for countless nights to come. One night it will go down on a day when Mother Mooney won't be here. Oh, God, don't let it happen . . . . Don't let that unnatural, don't let that unhappy condition exist, that he be alive and not be there."

Following Mayor Walker's appearance, Governor Rolph indicated that he would render his verdict in about three months. Meanwhile he will doubtless hear the testimony of Mooney's opponents, notably that of Charles M. Fickert, former prosecutor in San Francisco, who, incomprehensibly, was quoted as favoring clemency for Mooney on December 1 and as opposing it on December 2. If the prisoner's fate could be determined by a national vote while Mayor Walker's plea—unquestionably a popular success—were still fresh in the public mind, probably Mooney would soon be a free man. But, for the time being at any rate, this case cannot be decided by national public opinion. It can be decided only by the governor of the state of California.

▶▶Letter From Mooney

TO THE DISCRIMINATING nothing was more striking in Mayor Walker's plea than the letter he read to Governor Rolph from Mooney himself. Believing with Mayor Walker that it illuminates Mooney's character, we are reprinting most of it herewith:

While my application for a pardon was pending before Governor C. C. Young, I received advices . . . . that, while the result of my application for a parole, that the same might be favorably acted upon . . . . I notified Hon. C. C. Young on the 29th day of August, 1928, that my application and plea to him was for an unconditional pardon on the sole ground that I am innocent of the crime for which I was convicted . . . . Being innocent, under no circumstances, I reiterate, can I apply for or accept a parole. I would infinitely rather end my life in prison than to do so . . . . this position is not taken in a spirit of bravado or, in fact, from any other than the following considerations:

My civil rights would be forever suspended by law.

While not actually confined within prison walls, I would henceforth be in the legal custody and control of the State Board of Prison Directors.

I would be stripped forever of my American citizenship, a natural birthright, which I have ever cherished, and, until the day of my conviction, always exercised as a faithful and law-abiding citizen of my state and county . . . .

The acceptance of my freedom under such circumstances would place me in the position of a foul miscreant capable of committing this fiendish crime, which I would, at least by implication, be admitting, and promising reformation . . . . Harsh as my future may be, I will die in prison before, by act, word or conduct of mine, I lodge in the mind of any human being the horrible thought that I am capable of committing the dastardly crime of which I am falsely accused; or that by my hand, coöperation or knowledge, I had anything to do with ending the lives of all those innocent people and crippling and injuring more than twoscore of my fellow human beings.

Is it easy to believe that the man who wrote this letter placed a bomb at the corner of Steuart and Market Streets, San Francisco, on July 22, 1916?

▶▶Getting on Record

FOR THE FIRST TIME in eleven years our Representatives, and probably our Senators, will soon be obliged to commit themselves on prohibition, unless they choose to skip school on the days when the votes are taken. For the first time they will have to stand up and be counted both on a resolution for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and on a bill for the modification of the Volstead law.

In view of the agreement to liberalize the House rules, it is now certain that the petitions of 145 members or fewer, instead of 218 as hitherto, will be sufficient to take a bill from a committee pigeonhole and bring it before the House for a vote. Since the wets have somewhere between 150 and 180 of the 435 House members, they will be able to force a vote on any wet bill that appeals to them. Naturally they know what will happen when their measures come to a vote. They will be decisively, perhaps overwhelmingly, defeated. The aim of the wets, however, is to put the drys on record, and the liberalization of House rules gives them their opportunity.

Why, then, did both party caucuses of House members agree to the liberalization, when both were in control of the drys? Possibly because the Democratic caucus was willing to give dry Democrats, and the Republican caucus to give wet Republicans, an "out" for the 1932 elections. The Democratic national platform and candidates will probably be wet next year, which will be embarrassing to dry Democrats from the South. The Republican national platform and candidates will probably be dry, which will be embarrassing to wet Republicans from the North. It will therefore help both dry Southern Democratic Congressmen and wet Northern Republican Congressmen if they can point to specific votes on prohibition during this session, the former to show that they themselves are dry though their national ticket is wet, the latter to show that they themselves are wet though their national ticket is dry.

At any rate, the important thing is that the votes on revision and repeal will

International

DEFENDANT AND DEFENDER
Tom Mooney, prisoner at San Quentin, and Mayor Walker of New York

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be taken and the voters will gain some interesting information for use in the next elections. But the country need not expect any wet measure to be passed in this session. None will be.

▶▶Dude Divorce Ranch

IT IS EASY to think of slogans for the divorce ranch which Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., plans to open in Nevada. "Divide While You Ride," for example. Or "Five Hundred Dollars Will Fee, Feed and Free You." But it is not so easy to think of anything—anything printable—to say about Mr. Vanderbilt's project itself.

The idea is this: Mr. Vanderbilt, who recently obtained a divorce in Reno, will open his ranch near that city to the divorce-seeking public. For five hundred dollars each, guests will be provided with rooms and meals for six weeks, as well as entertainment, lawyers' fees and the cost of divorce. Mr. Vanderbilt declares that if the venture is a success he will start a chain of such dude divorce ranches. Certainly it should be a success. There are probably quite a few people who would love to get bargain-rate divorces sponsored by a sure-enough Vanderbilt.

Reno, the improbable sky's-the-limit city, needed only one crowning touch to make it wholly unbelievable. It needed Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in the offing, to start a chain of dude ranches where

Keystone

NAUGHTY NEELY

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who plans to operate a divorce ranch in Nevada

guests can get flat-rate divorces with all the incidentals. Apparently nothing can be done about Mr. Vanderbilt. But something very simple can be done to check the idea that getting a divorce in Nevada is a long, luxurious lark. Other states need only liberalize their divorce laws until they embody the customs and convictions of the most intelligent inhabitants. Then Reno will shrink to its proper proportions as a small city in one of our Western states. And then perhaps those who need divorces will be able to get them with dignity, decency and a bit of serious thought.

▶▶King's Children

ALFONSO of Spain is taking no chances with his heir-apparent. This, apparently, is the reason why he recently forbade his second son, Don Jaime, to marry the Spanish girl of his choice. Due to the chronic illness of Alfonso's eldest son, the Prince of Asturias, Don Jaime is thought to be slated for succession should his father ever regain his throne. He must therefore form no secret matrimonial alliances with unknown Spanish girls. With determination worthy of a king, rather than a probably permanent ex-king, Alfonso cancelled the nuptial arrangements and instructed Don Jaime to send regrets.

The fiery-eyed, speed-loving Spanish ex-ruler, clinging to his slim hope of restoration, becomes doubly a tragic figure if you consider how the fates have conspired with the Spanish people to thwart him. His eldest son and natural successor suffers from haemophilia, the mysterious, incurable "bleeding" disease which has appeared in other European royal houses and which seldom allows its victims to live to adult age. Generally it occurs in males, but is transmitted through the women of an afflicted family, and for this reason, it has been reported, Alfonso has had to abandon the possibility of making advantageous marriages for his two daughters. Even the twenty-three-year-old Don Jaime, whose future Alfonso is so zealously safeguarding, was a deaf mute until he was successfully operated on a few years ago. If these are thin times for royalty, Nature is helping to make them thin.

▶▶The Cosmic Rays

JUST EXACTLY what are the cosmic rays? The problem has intrigued physicists since the beginning of the present century, when they were discovered by Professor J. C. McLennan of the University of Toronto, by Rutherford and by other scientists, notably Kolhörster. Some say they are showers of particles. Others say they are vibrations similar in nature to light. Whatever they are, they seem to reach the earth at all times from

Keystone

SECOND SON

Don Jaime of Spain, forbidden to marry girl of his choice

space and their outstanding quality is their power to penetrate. X-rays are stopped by a few inches of lead. Cosmic rays pass through ten feet of it. There is some evidence that they control evolution by penetrating the germ cells on which heredity depends. There is also evidence that they are a by-product of either the annihilation or the creation of matter in extremely distant space.

At any rate, they are one of the distinctly big problems of science, and now science has new evidence of their actual existence and their potency. Dr. Carl A. Anderson of the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena has found a way to make direct photographs of the encounter of a cosmic ray—specifically, a "photon," or quantum of cosmic radiation—with an atom. The atom is partly split up, its nucleus knocked in one direction, its electrons in another. It is a terrific smash-up on a microscopic scale, releasing vast intra-atomic energy.

To the layman, perhaps the most interesting aspect of all this cosmic ray research is its bearing on the fascinating speculation of whether the whole universe is gradually running down to a frigid, lifeless, lightless end, as Sir James Jeans believes, or is constantly renewing itself, as Professor Robert A. Millikan believes. At present the cosmic rays lend equal support to both hypotheses, but if science can learn more about their exact nature we shall probably know the universe's ultimate fate.

▶▶No Hope In Homes

Two months before Mr. Hoover convened his Washington conference on home building we pointed out that, as a

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means of relieving the depression, a home-building program would prove futile. Now that the conference has been held, that view is substantiated. The conference did not remove the obstacles to a building boom—did not because it could not.

These obstacles are inherent in the depression. To appreciate them one must realize that the building of a home is the most important financial transaction in the average family's experience. When Mr. Hoover seeks, as he says, to "revitalize the building of homes as a factor of economic recovery," he is asking the American family to restore prosperity by buying something which it regards as extremely expensive. Other "Buy Now" movements asked families to spend a small fraction of their savings. Mr. Hoover asks them to spend all their savings and borrow more. If other "Buy Now" movements failed, how, then, can Mr. Hoover's succeed?

How, particularly, can it succeed in the face of present conditions? The depression has not merely deprived many families of the cash or collateral to make an initial payment on a home. It has made them unwilling to part with what cash they have. Few families are untouched by fear of losing all or part of their incomes from investments and salaries. Moreover, families doubt that the tendency of rents is downward while that of taxes on homes is upward, and this in itself is an effective deterrent to building. So, too, is the prevalent hope that building costs will continue to decline. We have been glad to commend Mr. Hoover's proposed system of home loan banks. It should prevent many families from losing their homes. But it will not create a stampede to build new homes. One can depend on prosperity to restore home building. One cannot depend on home building to restore prosperity.

▶▶*Les Miserables*

EVEN the weather, it seemed, went capitalist and aided in the conspiracy which made the parade of the "hunger marchers" to Washington absurd. Congress opened on one of those crisp sunny days which occasionally floods Washington with good cheer. If only it had been a raw, wet day—similar to the days which usually greet a capitalistic President on his inauguration—the setting would have been far more effective.

The marchers, who probably numbered about 1500, had arrived on Sunday to demand, on the following day, admission to the floor of the Senate and to the White House. The Secret Service had branded them the hirelings of Moscow. Vice-President Charlie Curtis had been alarmed and had ordered that no banners were to be flung to the wind. Senator Borah had issued sympathetic but admonishing warnings against violence. But Brigadier-General Pelham D. Glassford, superintendent of Washington police, kept his head. True, he assembled nearly his entire force in the Capitol Plaza. But instead of oppressing the protestants, who sought a bonus of $150 each and unemployment insurance, he became their father confessor. He somehow obtained revocation of the Curtis order against banners. He permitted the marchers to sing their pink songs and cheer to their hearts' content until the revolutionists sounded exactly like a group of undergraduates at a football game. They were as young in many cases as sophomores, and far more naïve; they really seemed to think that $150 in cash might be had for the mere asking.

Herbert Benjamin, the leader, got nowhere at all. He was not admitted to the Senate. "Who the hell are you?" he asked a reporter introducing Senator King. "Who the hell is Senator King?" he asked when the member from Utah offered to present a petition to the Senate. The marchers were not admitted to the White House. The army marched up the hill and down again and then left Washington in their dilapidated trucks. If this farce was really directed by Soviets, there must be gnashing of Communist teeth in Moscow.

Remarkable Remarks

The world is passing through a great depression. —HERBERT HOOVER.

B. Gaston Chandler, 65 Polk Apts., Nashville, Tenn., $5 prize.

Gold is the most useless thing in the world.—HENRY FORD.

S. J. Gay, 523 High St., Central Falls, R. I., $2 prize.

We still have everything that we had in 1929.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

A. L. Vandermast, Zearing, Iowa, $2 prize.

Times of stress bring people closer in the attempt to be helpful to one another.—CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

Mrs. Ruth Hornstein, 3614 Decarie Blvd., Montreal, Canada, $2 prize.

America's demonstration at this moment of the spirit of brotherhood within its own borders is the admiration, the envy, of the rest of the world.—B. C. FORBES.

M. L. Richards, Rt. 4, Box 113, Lodi, Calif., $2 prize.

All the ingredients for prosperity are with us. It is only necessary for you and others to get busy and mix them up.—ROGER BABSON.

J. T. Bulmer, 419 Pioneer Ave., Montesano, Wash., $2 prize.

Prohibition at its worst would be immeasurably better than license ever was at its best.—DANIEL A. POLING.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

The average, normal American is bound to remain a jackass, for such is the will of God. —H. L. MENCKEN.

S. J. Gay, 523 High St., Central Falls, R. I., $2 prize.

I am of the true Shakespearean type; I understand everything and everyone.—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Miss Elois F. Elden, 1405 Grant St., Berkeley, Calif., $2 prize.

Those who will not be interested in me after my marriage will be insignificant in number.—RUDY VALLEE.

Miss Stella M. Ham, Platte City, Mo., $2 prize.

Women get us [men] from the very start. Most mothers are women and most babies have a mother.—JAY FRANKLIN.

Marshall P. Sherard, Anderson, S. C., $2 prize.

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 511

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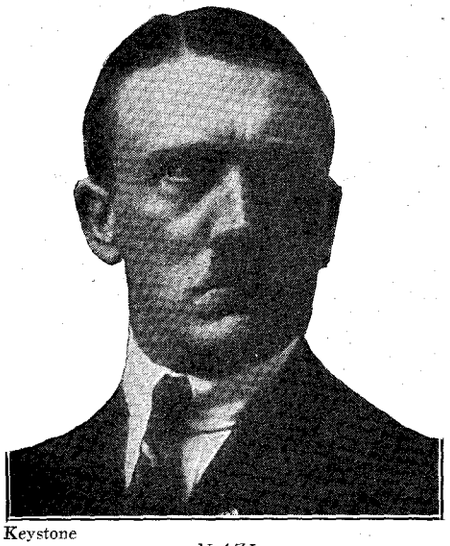
▶▶Hitler's Swagger

THERE is something strangely reminiscent of Tom Heflin in the swagger and



Keystone

NAZI
Adolf Hitler, leader of the German National Socialists

braggadocio of Adolf Hitler, leader of Germany's Fascisti. One secret of his success in creating his powerful party of Nazis, or National Socialists, may have been disclosed early in the year when an American correspondent in Berlin wrote that "partisan politics in Germany is mainly a matter of the heart, not of the head." One is tempted to believe it after noting a few of Hitler's recent utterances. In his statement that he opposed payment of Reparations there is, of course, nothing new, but in his other statements there is an illuminating index to the man.

"As a party," he said on November 4, "we emphatically reject the system of political extortion indulged in by a nation saturated with arms and gold. France must free herself from the delusion that we are a second-rate power and must learn to treat us as a cultured people. We are not Carthage, nor is France Rome, and it should also be recalled that Rome subdued Carthage single-handed.

"We are about to take over the power," he said on November 5, though his party has but 107 of the 576 seats in the Reichstag. "It is a question merely of months—perhaps even weeks."

"National Socialism," he continued on November 6, "desires to restore to the German people work, bread and last, but not least, honor. How that is to be done we will show you later. Our economic ideas are something we do not propose to uncover now. They are, if you please, patented."

These statements do not answer the two major questions about Hitler—*i. e.*, whether or not he will gain control and whether, if he does, he will tone down a bit. They do, however, indicate that Hitler lacks the level-headedness necessary for effective leadership of a great nation like Germany.

▶▶Morrow's Successor

THIS IS THE MAN who, by appointment of Governor Larson of New Jersey, succeeds the late Dwight Morrow in the United States Senate:

William Warren Barbour is forty-three years old and weighs more than two hundred pounds. He has large shoulders, deep respect for protective tariff, a ruddy complexion, a home near Rumson, N. J., and another in New York City. He left Princeton at the age of seventeen to work in the Linen Thread Company of Paterson, N. J., a factory founded by his father. He is now head of this company, besides being a director of the United Shoe Machinery Company and of the Central Hanover Bank and Trust Company in New York City. Formerly president, he is now treasurer of the American Tariff League.

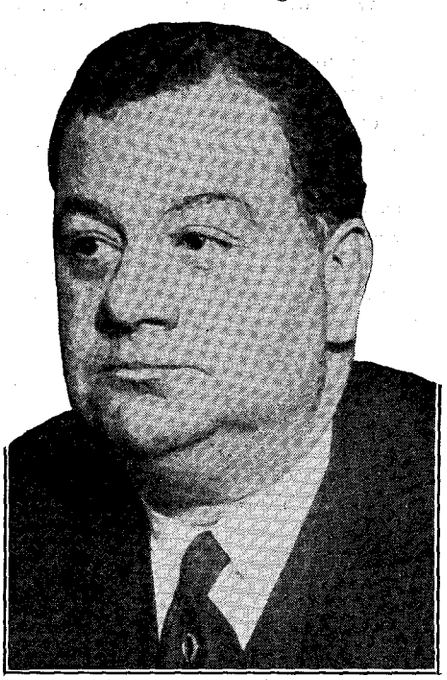
Mr. Barbour is regarded as a wet. Starting his public career as councilman in Rumson, he served as mayor from 1922 to 1929. In the latter year he was defeated for the Republican nomination for State senator from Monmouth County. He is chairman of the finance committee of the Republican State Committee and a heavy contributor to Republican campaign funds. He is also chairman of the Monmouth Council of Boy Scouts and has often been spoken of as a possible state boxing commissioner. He was a delegate to the last Republican National Convention.

In youth Mr. Barbour became interested in boxing and in 1910 won the national amateur heavyweight championship, demonstrating great speed and skill. "He knows every trick of the game," said Jack "Twin" Sullivan. "I think he is a wonder," said James J. Corbett. Mr. Barbour was then known as the "millionaire pugilist." He was also horseback wrestling champion.

This is the man who, by appointment of Governor Larson of New Jersey, succeeds the late Dwight Morrow in the United States Senate.

▶▶In Brief

CONSOLATION for dubs: on his first night of match play against the Culbertsons, Sidney Lenz exclaimed, "I forgot I was playing no trumps. Thought it was diamonds." . . . . Premier MacDonald announces his plan to attend the world disarmament conference in February. Mr. MacDonald has been working very hard and evidently feels in need of a rest. . . . . Our thanks to sharp-eyed readers for the news that Fred's oyster house is the distributor of wine bricks (all flavors) in Hoover, Virginia. . . . It was on December 4 that Governor Ritchie of Maryland, in a speech at New York, defended the instincts of the masses and the capacity of the American people for self-government. It was also on December 4 that a crowd of 2,000 persons applauded as a Negro was lynched in Salisbury, Maryland. . . . In his new book, *Japan*, Dr. Inazo Nitobé makes the point that Japan preparations are "all for peace and maintenance of peaceful relations with the rest of the world." So it is probably in the interest of peace that Japan has been making war in Manchuria. . . . Fashion note: The Associated Press reports that the women Representatives were attired as follows on opening day: Mrs. Norton of New Jersey wore crêpe of a French blue, with contrasting white front; Mrs. Kahn of California wore black satin; Mrs. Rogers of Massachusetts wore black woolen; Mrs. Pratt of New York wore black crêpe; Mrs. Wingo of Arkansas wore crêpe de chine with white georgette collar; Mrs. Owen of Florida wore a black gown, material



International

AFTER MORROW
William Warren Barbour, new Senator from New Jersey

unspecified. Speaker Garner left his cutaway at home. He wore a brown suit and a speckled brown tie.

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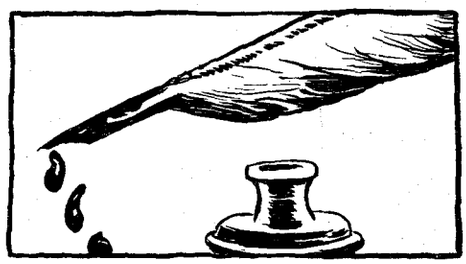
Show's Over, Mr. Hoover



LIKE a sideshow barker who still ballyhooes all the old, well-worn attractions, even though the big tent has long since collapsed on the show, Mr. Hoover addresses Congress in terms of 1928. During this last year, he says, "the strains and stresses upon business have resulted in closer application, in saner policies and in better methods. Public improvements have been carried out on a larger scale than even in normal times. The country is richer in physical property, in newly discovered resources and in productive capacity than ever before. There has been a constant gain in knowledge and education; there has been continuous advance in science and invention; there has been distinct gain in public health." In other words, although you may not have suspected it, in many respects the show is better than ever. Consider, indeed, the attractions added by the temporary collapse of the tent. "Business depressions have been recurrent in the life of our country and are but transitory. The Nation has emerged from each of them with increased strength and virility because of the enlightenment they have brought, the readjustments and the larger understanding of the realities and obligations of life and work which come from them."

IN BRIEF, the depression, seen rightly, has been a boon—a phenomenon to be sermonized about in sonorous Sunday school phrases. Disregard the fact that, to its victims, depression means unemployment, hunger, bankruptcy, after desperate efforts to save homes, stores, businesses and corporations. Forget that for the majority it means worrying over the bills, scrimping for life insurance payments, going to live with relatives, burying one's pride and taking the temporary, inferior job preparatory to tramping the streets for another. "If we lift our vision beyond these immediate emergencies," says Mr. Hoover, "we find fundamental national gain even amid depression. In meeting the problems of this difficult period, we have witnessed a remarkable development of the sense of coöperation in the community. . . . Above all, there is an enlargement of social and spiritual responsibility among the people."

THE President, in other words, since he wishes so to believe, has hypnotized himself into believing that, in the first place, the depression in America amounts to very little—almost nothing when compared to the depression in other countries—and that in the second place what little depression does exist in the United States has been practically cured by the brilliant, multitudinous prescriptions of his Administration. Unemployment relief? Why, unemployment is already relieved. "The emergencies of unemployment have been met by action in many directions. . . . The expansion of federal employment agencies under appropriations by the Congress has proved most effective . . . . committees of leading citizens are now active at practically every point of unemployment. . . . Our people are providing against distress from unemployment in true American fashion by a magnificent response to public appeal and by action of the local governments."

THE general economic situation? Why, that is so much worse abroad that things have been really pleasant at home. "In many countries political instability, excessive armaments, debts, governmental expenditures and taxes have resulted in revolutions, in unbalanced budgets and monetary collapse and financial panics, in dumping of goods upon world markets and in diminished consumption of commodities." At home, however, "many undertakings have been organized and forwarded during the past year to meet the new and changing emergencies which have constantly confronted us. . . . . These measures have served those purposes and will promote recovery." As for the future, "the major economic forces at home and abroad have now been exposed and can be appraised. The time is ripe for forward action to expedite our recovery."

MEANWHILE, has the Federal Farm Board been a doubtful expedient? Well, hardly. "By enabling farm coöperatives to cushion the fall in prices of farm products in 1930 and 1931 the Board secured higher prices to the farmer than would have been obtained otherwise, although the benefits of this action were partially defeated by continued world overproduction." The tariff? "Fortunately any increases in the tariff which may be necessary to protect agriculture and industry—"

BUT why go on? Here is no accurate report to Congress on the state of the Union. Here is simply misrepresentation. Every one knows that the big economic show is not bigger and better than ever, as Mr. Hoover intimates. It has been and is very badly disrupted, as he is later forced to admit. So he describes the creation of the Credit Corporation "to support sound banks against the frightened withdrawals and hoarding." So he declares that "the vast liquidation and adjustments which have taken place have left us with a large degree of credit paralysis." So he admits that "During the past year, banks representing 3 per cent of our total deposits have closed . . . . furthermore, many of our bankers, in order to prepare themselves to meet possible withdrawals, have felt compelled to call in loans, to refuse new credits, and to realize upon securities, which in turn has demoralized the markets." So he says that "We must face a temporary [*sic*] increase in taxes." So he recommends "subscription by the Treasury of further capital to the federal land banks." So he recommends "the establishment of a system of home loan discount banks." So he advocates an Emergency Reconstruction Corporation like the former War Finance Corporation to make loans to "established industries, railways and financial institutions which cannot otherwise secure credit." And so finally he suggests "an extension during emergencies of the eligibility provisions in the Federal Reserve Act."

Here, by inference, is a truer picture of the actual, present state of the Union. Here is the real position of the performers under the big tent. The barker looks ridiculous upon his 1928 platform. The big show of 1928 is over.

THE EDITORS.

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ALTHOUGH he has achieved his ambition to become Speaker of the House of Representatives, and rides in a shiny new limousine due to the thoughtfulness of the late "Nick" Longworth in turning in his official chariot at the close of the last session, "Happy Jack" Garner's red face shows signs of worry already. He is discovering, apparently, that any head which wears a crown, even though thatched with white and bowed in the humility of a man who rose from the red mud of northern Texas to political eminence, must rest uneasy. As "Jack" scans his soldiery from the rostrum, and realizes that they outnumber the Republican enemy by only five, and sometimes less, he gives the impression that he wishes he had not been so eager for power and place as to take it at this particular moment. The superficial solidarity he has achieved with the aid of those other two red-faced bosses—Tammany leader John F. Curry of New York and Ed Crump, the "Red Snapper" from Memphis on the Mississippi—may vanish in many a critical combat.

It was a mighty machine he manned only a few weeks ago, and it testified to his skill as a manipulator. All personal and political differences, it seemed, had been smoothed over through the intervention of Crump and Curry, and the regular slate—himself for Speaker, Henry T. Rainey of Illinois for floor leader and five high-tariff men for the Ways and Means Committee—had gone over with a rush. The bosses had sent out their orders, and the Democrats who once raged so bitterly at the "gag rule" of the Longworth-Snell-Tilson clique obeyed meekly. "Jack" staged a caucus which Tom Platt, "Uncle Joe" Cannon and even "Nick" himself might have envied; a new political Belasco walked, gaily and grinningly, across the stage.

But down there "Jack" cannot help but note three elderly, kindly and popular Democrats whose feelings were hurt and their dream shattered when the Garner-Curry-Crump machine rolled over them. There is old "Joe" Byrns of Tennessee, so homely and wrinkled that he possesses the rugged beauty of Abraham Lincoln. "Joe," a staunch old Democrat, had fought for the establishment of a steering committee to reflect party sentiment, to mould it, if necessary, but, in any event, to shape legislation in a Jeffersonian manner. But a gang of yelling, unknowing youngsters, taking orders from the bosses, disregarded his plea for a representative House. There is W. A. Ayres of Kansas, the most influential Democrat in that Republican bailiwick, whose long years of service inside and outside Congress should have entitled him to whatever recognition he wanted. But, for the good of the party, he was badly beaten by newer men when he tried to win a place on the Ways and Means Committee. His tariff views, it appears, were suspected, so off with his bald head. Though his face bears the marks of a recent and serious illness, he could not be allowed to stand in the way of a man who denounces the Hawley-Smoot duties in public but votes for local protection in the Chamber. Near him sits "Charlie" Crisp of Georgia, one of the real liberals of the House. His father had been a Speaker before him, he had served as parliamentarian himself, and he would like the job "Jack" has, as he said rather wistfully, but his ambition to be the only Speaker-son of a Speaker-father was suppressed out of loyalty to Mr. Garner and the party. He, too, had wanted a steering committee, had begged the party chieftains to remember pledges made when they were on the outside looking in, but, like Byrns and Ayres, he had to be brushed aside. So there the three of them sit, willing to stand by but unwilling to subordinate their principles and wishing that possession of power did not work such a curious change in men. And itching to side with them if they can only get up the spunk are a score of Democrats "Jack" cannot afford to lose.

MOREOVER, floor leader Rainey, 71 years old, ponderous and philosophical, may need handling at times. For years he was known for his extreme liberalism, and some cautious Democrats—maybe "Jack" himself at times—thought him a little exuberant, a little erratic. Will he, now and then, forget the responsibilities of his position, forget assurances that he will watch his step, and scare off the conservatives whom the Garner-Curry-Crump group are so anxious to win over to their side in this period of economic turmoil? As he muses on the rostrum, it is little wonder that "Jack" thinks, after all, that those others—Cannon and Longworth—had the right idea, and that a kid glove looks and fits better when it is pulled tight over a knotted fist.

Though "Jack" has no time to worry about Republicans, he may, in vagrant moments, give a thought to poor John Tilson, the Cardinal Wolsey of the Hoover Administration—or, rather, another one! For poor John, floor leader for six years and reëlected to that post last spring, was defeated by "Hard-boiled Bert" Snell of New York in their contest for the Speakership nomination, and subsequently robbed of his leadership rôle, too. It is almost axiomatic that a man so humiliated by his peers goes down to defeat back home when next the pack gets a chance at him, and Mr. Tilson is, therefore, a pitiful figure.

THE scrap which Messrs. Garner, Crisp, Byrns and Ayres staged was a love feast by comparison with the Snell-Tilson row. Both sides adopted vicious and unbelievably unfair tactics. By the Tilsonites Mr. Snell was portrayed as the candidate of the Vare machine in Philadelphia and of President Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The New York man was assailed as a straddler on prohibition, a ruthless and ungrateful figure, and as an anti-Hoover man. By the Snell forces it was pointed out that Mr. Tilson had sponsored passage of a bill giving him, as floor leader, an extra $2,000 per year for perquisites. The Connecticut Yankee was characterized as wishywashy, as a politician who did not have the backing of his own national committeeman, J. Henry Roraback, and as quite the wrong sort of fellow to head the G.O.P. in such a closely divided House.

Strange as it may seem, it was President Hoover's support which really defeated Mr. Tilson. The Hoover-Mellon influence was definitely thrown to the man they could always depend upon, whether they were right or wrong. Despite presidential protests, it became clear to Mr. Snell and his associates that the White House was against them. But "Bert" had the regulars, the remnants of the Longworth-Bacharach machine, and the growing group which fears that Mr. Hoover is about to lead the party to its most stunning defeat in many, many years. Yet, if Mr. Hoover only knew it, he is lucky that Mr. Snell was named over Mr. Tilson. For "Bert" is a "No! No!" man, and Mr. Hoover's great weakness is that he doesn't hear enough, and will not listen to, political negatives.

A. F. C.

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Ewing Galloway

FOOD
Japan's biggest problem

Japan's Stakes in Manchuria

By PAUL PORTER

JAPAN'S course of empire began soon after the American Commodore Perry opened her doors to world commerce in 1854. For two and one-half centuries the Japanese people had lived in almost complete isolation, trading only with a few Dutch and Chinese merchants who were allowed to advance no farther than a small island off Nagasaki.

Japanese subjects were forbidden to go abroad under penalty of death; the youthful Ito, later the Prince Ito who became the first governor-general of Korea, only with spectacular daring escaped to England in the early 'sixties to study the secrets of Western power. What he learned led him to the passionate conviction that Japan's national integrity depended upon her ability to shake off feudalism and to create a new social pattern along the lines of the aggressive societies of the west. In 1868 the Imperial Restoration provided him and Yamagata and other "mad young men" their opportunity to establish a centralized government, a national financial system and a powerful army and navy.

To the south of Japan lay the island of Formosa, which statesmen of both England and France had been eyeing as they took over other Chinese outposts. In the north lay another Chinese protectorate, Korea, "the sword pointed at the heart of Japan," which was falling under the influence of Russia. As early as 1871 an American consul to Amoy, China, General Le Gendre, advised Japan to seize Formosa and Korea in order to strengthen her position, and incidentally America's, against the three European nations. It was not a new thought to the builders of the modern Japan.

Russia's encroachment in Korea was a major factor in Japan's war in 1894 with China, from which she emerged an easy victor, claiming Formosa, the Liaotung peninsula of South Manchuria and the privilege of protecting the "independence" of Korea. Orators spoke lyrically of manifest destiny and *Dai-Nihon*, "Great Land of the Rising Sun." Acting in concert, Russia, France and Germany, "in a spirit of cordial friendship" compelled Japan to return her South Manchurian gains—as their note said, "in the interests of permanent peace in the Far East."

WITHIN three years France had carved a sphere of influence in South China, and the German Kaiser had found the murder of two missionaries a convenient pretext for snatching Tsingtao and securing the right to construct a railroad through the heart of Shantung province. Russia, too, by shady diplomacy had secured the right to build a railroad, and with the aid of French capital she extended the Trans-Siberian across North Manchuria, thereby shortening by 500 miles the distance between Moscow and her single Pacific port, Vladivostok. A branch line was constructed from Harbin to a warm-water port at the tip of South Manchuria, known then as the Chinese Talienwan, later the Russian Dalny and now the Japanese Dairen. During the Boxer Rebellion Russia occupied all of Manchuria and remained there.

In 1904 Japan struck. The war cost her 100,000 men and a half billion dollars, but netted the Russian leased territory (Kuantung) at the tip of the Liaotung peninsula, and the branch line railroad from Changchun southward, which is now the excellently equipped South Manchurian Railway, controlled jointly by the Government and private capitalists. Russia's power broken, it was an easy matter to annex Korea in 1910. The World War provided the occasion for ousting Germany from Shantung and the imposition on China of the Twenty-one Demands. The most daring demands, relating mainly to Shantung, were dropped at the time of the Washington Arms Conference, but those extending Japan's South Manchurian leases into the twenty-first century, and acceded to by a weak and corrupt Chinese government, are claimed as binding. Chinese opinion has maintained that the treaties of 1915 were signed under duress, and in 1923 a new government repudiated their legality, although for tactical reasons they have never been completely ignored in actual practice.

In the quarter of a century since the Japanese drove out the Russians South Manchuria has been grafted into the economic life of the Island Empire as a twig is grafted to a tree. Today the twig could be suddenly severed only with

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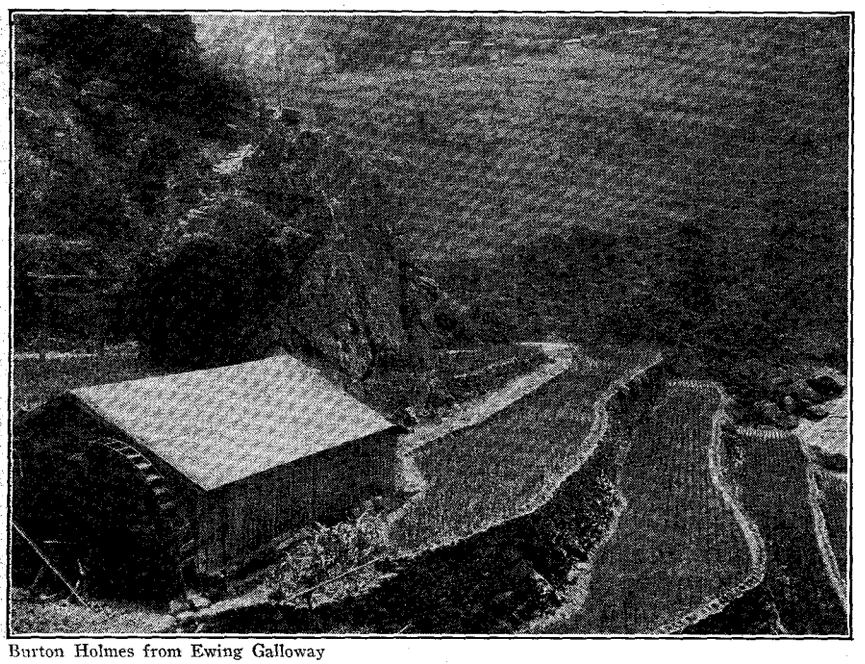
serious injury to the tree. Though there has been little colonization, the economic development of Manchuria has become the most satisfactory and virtually the only practicable method of relieving the



Burton Holmes from Ewing Galloway

WHERE EVERY FOOT OF LAND IS CULTIVATED

Terraced gardens are built near water so that the arable land may be increased. Here are rice fields on Shikoku Island

population pressure which is today the basic factor in Japanese foreign and domestic policy.

Nature dealt Japan a curiously mixed hand—a mountainous landscape as picturesque and lovely as may be found anywhere, but which is only fifteen per cent arable and which rests on recurrently trembling foundations unusually deficient in the minerals essential to industrialism. Aside from the periodic damage of earthquakes she is faced with the double handicap arising from a lack of adequate food resources for a rapidly growing population and the lack of the raw materials that might give her security as an industrial nation. The islands that constitute Japan proper comprise less territory than the state of California, and contain a population of nearly sixty-five million, which in proportion to cultivated land is the densest of any country in the world. Since the Imperial Restoration the population has doubled; in 1930 it increased 914,234, the second largest gain ever recorded. Actually the birth rate declined from 33 to 32.35 per 1000, but the death rate dropped from 19.04 to 18.17, leaving a net increase of 14.18. The present trend indicates a population in excess of 100,000,000 by 1965.

There are four ways with which Japan might deal with population pressure. They are: a more intensive cultivation of the land, emigration, birth control and industrialization and the consequent development of an export trade sufficient to pay for increased food imports and iron ore, coal and petroleum.

The first three offer slight hope at the present. The soil of the islands is decreasing in fertility. More labor-power and more fertilizer, it is estimated, are required to produce a bushel of rice than was required twenty years ago. Even with the application of the most up-to-date scientific methods Japanese agriculture would not satisfy the national requirements. Emigration to the United States, Canada and Australia has been blocked, although it probably would never have meant significant relief. Colonization in Brazil, Korea, Formosa and Manchuria has not been successful. The last, with a total population of 30,000,000, has received only 200,000 Japanese and 900,000 Koreans. Two and one-half centuries of isolation has apparently bred into the Japanese a love for the homeland so strong that few will live abroad.

Though the government is now less hostile to Mrs. Sanger's panacea than it was several years ago when it barred her from speaking, and lately has opened several birth control information clinics in Tokio and Osaka, its statesmen are well aware that political insecurity in a world groaning with armaments behooves them to count their cannon fodder. There remains, then, industrialization, which was destined to take place anyway, but which has indubitably received an especial urgency from the cry of new mouths for more rice.

What Japan lacks in iron, coking coal and certain agricultural products Manchuria has in abundance. The territory of the latter is approximately equal to the combined areas of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin and Michigan, or an area almost two and one-half times that of the Japanese islands. It is a land of forested mountain slopes and undulating plains unusually fertile for cereal culture. A few miles outside the capital, Mukden, are the Fushun coal fields, containing high quality deposits estimated to exceed one billion tons. The coal seam here is the thickest in the world, ranging from seventy-eight to 426 feet, and no less than one-fifth of it can be mined by the economical open-cut methods. The iron ore deposits of Mukden province are estimated at 387,580,000 tons, or four-sevenths of the total iron deposit in Chinese territory. Japan now receives 90 per cent of Manchuria's exports of iron and iron manufactures.

The native soya bean, which tops the list of cereal products, is an important factor in the preparation of the shoya sauce that is Japan's substitute for table salt, in butter substitutes, soap and a score of industrial products. Beancake fertilizer generously scattered over Japan's depleted soil is twice yearly recreated in rice kernels.

MANCHURIA today is undergoing a stage of rapid development not unlike that of the American West a half century ago. Scarcely more than one-half of the best soil is now tilled, although each year one million Chinese settlers in the greatest mass migration of modern times pour into the Northeastern Provinces from the famine-racked areas of Shantung and Chihli. They are able and industrious farmers, who can live on a pittance. Of prime importance in the development of this country is the South Manchurian Railway, joined at Mukden by the Chosen (Korea) Government railway. Along these lines Japanese have established steel mills, coal mines, flour mills, banks and trading organizations that give to their country the dominance of the region. The docks at Dairen are among the finest in the world and the port has become the third most important on the Chinese coast. Japan's total Manchurian investments are yen 1,700,000 or $850,000,000.

While the growth of industrialism knit close ties to Manchuria it also developed a commercial class dependent upon the markets of central China, and the interests of this class have not al-

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ways been identical with the colonial interests. During the World War Japan enjoyed a virtual monopoly of the Chinese market, but her imperialist ambitions evoked a stinging punitive boycott incited by Chinese students. Since that time the foreign traders have favored a policy of good will and "coöperation for co-prosperity." In recent years this group has been in the ascendancy although never enough so to destroy the neatly balancing equilibrium between the interests of the exporters and those of the aggressive imperialists.

The Minseito political party represents in a general way the foreign traders, among whom the Mitsubishi companies stand preëminent, and the new middle class. Chiefly for their benefit it restored the gold standard in January, 1930, soon after its return to power; and instituted a vigorous retrenchment policy in government expenditures in an effort to ease the strain of an excess of imports over exports to the extent of $100,000,000 yearly (although many of the imports were producers' goods which should eventually swing trade in the other direction). The Minseito Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs have been known as exponents of international coöperation. The former, Baron Reijiro Wakatsuki, was chief of the Japanese delegation to the London Naval Conference, and Baron Kijuro Shidehara was largely instrumental in securing Japan's adherence to the Kellogg Pact. The other powerful party, the Seiyukai, represents for the most part the large landholders, the militarists and the Mitsui companies, all of which have stakes of various kinds in Manchuria.

THE fact that the supposedly liberal Minseito government has been guilty of the worst aggression in Eastern Asia in sixteen years has occasioned considerable surprise abroad. One important explanation is to be found in constriction of the Chinese market which has permitted the sensitive scales to swing down heavily on the side of a "positive policy" in Manchuria. Two commodities, raw silk and cotton manufactures, comprise nearly 70 per cent of Japan's exports; and two markets, the United States and China, normally absorb 40 per cent and 25 per cent respectively of her total shipments. While Japan's foreign trade shows an adverse balance, China purchases one and a half times as much as she sells, and holds, therefore, a key position in the economic life of the Island Empire. The new Nanking Government, beginning to feel its oats, has introduced tariffs that have particularly affected Japanese products. Clever Chinese owners of infant industries have learned to incite the boycott first effectively introduced by students. And finally, just as Japan with considerable difficulty was restoring the gold standard, Chinese currency, with only a silver backing, began to depreciate in exchange value in ratio to the disastrous slump in silver bullion prices. A handsome indirect tariff was thus presented to Chinese manufacturers developing the home market.

Even though the fall in the price of raw materials which Japan must import, such as cotton and wool, has enabled her to remain on a firmer basis in the depression than many other industrial nations, economic strife has sharply increased. The number of strikes has doubled, and desperate tenant farmers have frequently rioted. Chinese railways in Manchuria, roughly parallel to the lines of the S. M. R., have given stiff competition and forced a cut in freight rates running as high as 64.4 per cent in the case of flour. The revenue of the S. M. R. declined $1,500,000 in 1930.

Then dark days had come upon the militarists. The navy men were rapped mildly on the knuckles at the London Naval Conference and they were apprehensive of a successful reduction of armaments at the forthcoming conference in February. The tempers of army and navy men were not improved when one million Japanese subjects signed a petition, sponsored by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, requesting universal disarmament, or when pacifists demonstrated in the streets of Tokio and Osaka last summer in protest against Japan's entry into the World War.

When the Japanese constitution was granted by the Emperor in 1889, Ito and Yamagata had made certain that the Ministers of War and the Navy would be responsible, not to the cabinet of which they are a part, but only to the Emperor. Assured of an entrenched position, the Minister of War, Jiro Minami, has in recent months deliberately sought trouble with China, presumably for the purposes of strengthening militarist influence and diverting political unrest. Early in the summer unnamed War Department spokesmen predicted war over Manchuria and inner Mongolia. In late July Minister Minami spoke frankly to divisional commanders and sent copies of his address to the newspapers, and then publicly rebuked Baron Shidehara when the latter registered a protest.

Salisbury from Ewing Galloway

A LOT OF WORK FOR A LITTLE FOOD

When summer rains fill ditches in the rice plantations, the population turns out so that no small fish may escape

THE murder of a certain Captain Nakamura, allegedly by Chinese, while traveling in Mongolia with a false passport and the sum of $50,000, the intended use of which has never been satisfactorily explained, furnished a convenient occasion for arousing the intensely patriotic feeling of the Japanese people. A military funeral was held. Reactionary societies such as the *Kokuryukai*, frequently known as the *Shina Ronin* or "Strong hand in China" society, demonstrated in Tokio streets against the "weak" policy of Shidehara. One Jap-

(Continued on Page 502)

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Shackles for Business Women

By ARTHEMISE GOERTZ

OF ALL the fallacies that have sprung up, weed-like, on the subject of modern womanhood none is more tragic than that which claims more freedom for the woman of today than was enjoyed by her sisters in a less fortunate age. What constitutes the tragedy is the fact that modern woman herself is unaware of the delusion. Wrongly convinced that her day of total emancipation has come, she is blindly engaged in the earnest business of making a complete slave of herself, forging her own chains and inflicting her own punishments, ironically enough, in the name of liberty.

The "freedom" of today's woman can best be observed in the business world, because here the average woman, and even the woman below the average, can find a place in the big scheme of things, or at any rate, what she considers the big scheme. In these days when a permanent wave, a plucking of the eyebrows and a lipstick will make even the homely appear attractive behind a typewriter, any woman can get a job in normal times. Getting a job to most women means independence. What they mean is that they can "support themselves," that they "do not have to depend on a man for a meal ticket," and that, therefore, they are free, a boon of which their home-bound grandmothers did not dare to dream.

In my office there are six girls. We come to work in the morning at eight-thirty, work steadily until twelve, rush through lunch, begin again at one, and finish at five-thirty. By comparison with many others, we enjoy good hours, our work comprises the genteel duties of the stenographer, and our office is light, airy and clean.

As secretary to the "boss," my position is, apparently, enviable. In New Orleans, where salaries are comparatively low, especially in these times of drastic business economy, I get $125 a month. From this I must take carfare, room and board, and lunch money, and my job requires that I dress well. Add incidental expenses, such as laundry, an occasional dentist or doctor bill, amusements and incidentals, and it is evident that I will not grow rich on my savings.

When I am rushing off at eight o'clock in the morning, hoping I have not eaten my breakfast too hurriedly, I observe Mrs. Landry, my neighbor, seeing her husband off to work and the two children off to school. Probably just about the time I reach the office, with visions of the breakfast I was forced to abandon because I was late, Mrs. Landry is leisurely reading her morning paper. When Mrs. Landry is clearing

"Getting a job is to most women synonymous with independence"

away her light household duties and listening to the radio, meanwhile planning her morning's housework, or a new dress, or a bridge party, or deciding what show she will see in the afternoon, I am elbow-deep in a hundred or so files that must be indexed. Letters must be put in chronological order, and each file placed according to subject in its proper folder, of which there are six hundred; and woe to me should I wander and put the correspondence on the "Bone Meal" shipments in the "Cocoanut Meal" file and be unable to produce either at a moment's notice! I suppose it would not seriously matter, however, if Mrs. Landry put the cream pitcher in the wrong corner of the cupboard.

After breakfast Mrs. Landry has a choice of several occupations: she may go into the garden and potter around with trowel and garden shears; she may dust and straighten the house, or make several telephone calls of varied significance. Whereas I, after filing, have but one choice—to chain myself to my typewriter and frantically pound out the last of yesterday's dictation. When the doorbell buzzes on Mrs. Landry's ears, it can only mean a diverting interruption in her morning routine, but a buzz to me means "Into my private office at once, miss, and take this telegram."

During my one-hour lunch period I rush to a crowded cafeteria, take what I can get, and if I have some shopping to do the scramble is all the more frantic. Mrs. Landry, however, lunches quietly and peacefully in her quiet, sunny kitchen. After lunch she has from one to four to spend downtown or any place else in any manner she wishes.

At five-thirty my day is finished, and, usually, so am I. One does not feel any too buoyant after filing, taking dictation, typing from four to five dozen letters, and struggling homeward on a crowded street car. As I turn into the gate of the boarding house I see Mrs. Landry waiting on her front porch, and the children playing ball on the lawn. She is fresh and pink and crisp in her dimity. I am usually too tired to go anywhere or do anything except read, make sure I have a clean white shirtwaist for the morning and crawl into bed.

I have chosen Mrs. Landry as an example because she represents the average married woman of the middle class and appears a proper standard of comparison with a business girl in my position. But what of those married women who can afford the modern marvels of domestic convenience—the electric toasters and percolators, vacuum cleaners, electric refrigerators and fireless cookers, all of which they may employ to the accompaniment of a labor-lightening radio program?

IN SHORT, it is the rankest fallacy to assert that the office woman is freer and better off generally than her married sister. The saying that "the work of woman in the home is never done" is so popular (among women) as to be practically proverbial; but the work of the office woman is never done, either. One or two of the girls in our office, including myself, frequently have to work nights and Sundays. As a matter of fact, the office woman is subject to longer and harder and more nerve-racking working hours than is the married woman.

True, the office woman draws her monthly salary, but what has she to show for it? Outside of supporting herself decently for the time being, she acquires in the long run nothing but wrinkles and worn-out nerves. The best years of her life are spent in building up for others, not for herself. The office woman is simply a cog in the business machine, but the married woman is queen in her

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own home. The tyranny of household duties, family cares and a husband are no more trying than the tyranny of office duties and of the "boss," whose hours one must adopt, to whose whims one must cater, and whose every act one must laud by look if not by word, for reasons of policy.

Moreover, if the married woman has any reason to quit her husband, apparently she has as little trouble as the business girl has in quitting the job which is no longer to her liking. To that class of women who are temperamentally unfit to find satisfaction in any connection over a period of time it would indeed appear that marriage is preferable to an office job, for divorce connotes alimony and ease, whereas the loss of a job means only looking for another—poor sport in these days of economic distress.

When, after many years, the business woman finds herself an old and lonely woman, she faces the inevitable climax of having to make way for younger faces and more sprightly hands and minds, for there is no place in the business world for the old woman. While woman's prestige in the office wanes with the years, it increases with time in the home; and as much as the idea of old age surrounded by its grandchildren has in recent years been derided by women, along with other traditional sentimental notions, there is, after all, more truth than poetry in it.

But, it may be advanced, what about the woman whose talents very definitely indicate that she is destined for a career? Should she dissipate her gifts in marriage? It cannot be denied that many of us who are today wasting our time, to say nothing of the family bank account, in the pursuit of will-o'-the-wisp fame in art, literature and the opera, would be much more useful adjuncts to our community in particular as good wives and mothers, and no great loss would accrue to posterity in general by the change.

Besides the psychological effect of marriage on the career woman, the material advantage of having a husband to feed, clothe and shelter her during the early years of struggle towards her goal are not to be lightly regarded. A single girl, unless her family be well off, has to spend her spare time selling anything from magazines to pots and pans, or tutoring or typing when she should be eating or sleeping, if she even so much as wishes to earn her way through college. But what married woman cannot infuse the performance of her household tasks and family obligations with enough system to give her from three to four hours of the day for herself alone? One has only to look around at the wives who spend whole afternoons at bridge parties, teas, shopping or in movie palaces to realize that a married woman has time to pursue a "career," if she is serious enough about it. In short, it is as thoughtless to say that marriage hinders a woman's career as it is to claim that it hinders a man's.

Women who have achieved success in business and the professions especially seem to impress us as outstanding examples of how far the so-called emancipation of woman has gone. Not one of us ever stops to consider how very few women really are notable successes in their respective fields, and if they are, how high the price they have paid and continue to pay in the sacrifice of their vitality and youth to the demands of their offices and clientele. The professional woman, perhaps, is the least free of all "free" women, subject as she is to unceasing vigilance at her desk and the keen competition and shrewdness of male rivals, who are traditionally destined to outclass her.

Even the bachelor girl and the flapper—those hybrid moderns who may be looked upon as the very personification of woman's present-day "freedom"—for all their sophistication are sublimely unaware of the slavery to which their so-called liberty has reduced them. They are slaves to cigarettes, to cocktails, to fashions, to fads, to pleasures. The necessity of attaining and retaining modern slenderness and beauty makes them slaves to diet and cosmetics, while their benighted spirits rejoice that they no longer have to submit to the corsets of their life-enjoying mothers.

As for the "double standard," with the consequent license to do whatever men do and to go wherever men go, there is no advantage in it whatsoever.

"While Mrs. Landry is leisurely reading, I am elbow deep in a hundred or so files"

On the contrary, all the obsequious favors that were accorded women under the old régime have now faded away like bubbles, and the privileges that today's women have taken for themselves are no different from those that women with similar tastes could have enjoyed, if they were so inclined, in the days of our mothers. Men no longer take off their hats in elevators in the presence of a woman, or yield up their seats to standing females in the crowded street cars, nor perform any of the other little niceties that were current before this wave of freedom surged over us; and in exchange for all this we have taken upon ourselves privileges of such doubtful value as to make the more serious of us wonder if we have not sold our birthright for a mess of pottage.

MODERNISTS may discard the theory that "woman's place is in the home" as so much sentimental rubbish, but it is the best place in the world for her, if she only knew it. Perhaps, after all, it is the fault of our earlier training that so few of us are aware of it. If domestic training were made compulsory in the schools and colleges along with physical culture, and the other courses designed for our bodily and moral welfare, together with the proper emphasis on home ideals, so many of us would not be running up blind alleys while our happiness, like that of Everywoman, lies at our very own doorsteps if we but had the wisdom to recognize it. And let there be similar courses in the boys' schools and colleges. Why do we insist on teaching our young men the intricate accounting systems of large firms, while ignoring their need for proper coaching in the correct manner of setting up a household budget and supporting a family, the most serious and important business in the world?

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T. R.'s Break With Taft

Fourteenth Installment of Roosevelt: A Biography

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

For several years Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson were cordial friends, as told in this installment. But they gradually drifted apart as Wilson grew in political stature. Taft, too, saw "a devoted friendship going to pieces like a rope of sand." The final break came in the suit for dissolution of U. S. Steel, a suit which implied error by T. R. in 1907 in allowing the acquisition of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. And La Follette was to die believing that his friend Roosevelt's ambitions in 1912 had cheated him of a chance for the Republican nomination, as will be told next week

ROOSEVELT'S journeys into the West and South during the summer and fall of 1910 constituted the most curious of paradoxes. By accepting the platform of the Republican party in the New York state campaign, Roosevelt endorsed the Taft administration. He said that the Payne-Aldrich law, although imperfect, was "better than the last and considerably better than the one before the last . . . . " At the same time, he campaigned for Senator Beveridge and the ideas expressed in one or two of his speeches were anathema to Taft and his advisers.

New influences had been shaping Roosevelt's views, or bringing to fruition the political philosophy which had started to germinate while he was still in the White House. Among these, Herbert Croly and his *The Promise of American Life* have been too much ignored by those who have traced the development of the Progressive party. Roosevelt declared this "the most . . . . illuminating study of our national conditions which has appeared for many years" because of its emphasis "that the whole point of our governmental experiment lies in the fact that it is a genuine effort to achieve true democracy . . . . "

Published in November, 1909, *The Promise of American Life* had a profound effect on the thought of subsequent political commentators. It was peculiarly suited to stimulate Roosevelt, for Croly's philosophy was, in a sense, an extension of his own. "Croly . . . . I think," wrote Walter Lippmann, whose own *Preface to Politics* was another contribution to political thought of this era, "made articulate for Roosevelt his aspiration to combine the social and political reforms initiated by Bryan and La Follette with a Hamiltonian affection for a strong national government."

In starting the trip across the continent in August of that year, Roosevelt said that his speeches would "represent myself entirely, nobody else." This, of course, was manifestly impossible. They represented the Old Guard, or they did not. They were interpreted as expressions of the insurgent Republican movement or as those of a new movement which, in 1912, would rally around Roosevelt and not La Follette. It was an extraordinary trip to be made by an ex-President who had insisted in public and in private that he had no political aspirations. Before a week passed, twenty-five newspaper correspondents were on the special train. The crowds which greeted him were at least the equal of those when he was President.

WOODROW WILSON

Photographs on this page from Brown Bros.

What were Roosevelt's motives in thus departing on a tour which could be interpreted only in the light of the political situation of 1910? I doubt that he knew. When it was over, he felt that he had been instrumental in "securing a fairly united party support for the Republicans" in the West. What he really did was to focus public attention upon himself, to the probable injury of Taft, and cause additional bitterness and worry at the White House. It was not in Roosevelt's power to avoid the dramatic. Quite apart from his speeches, he so conducted himself that Taft sank once more into obscurity. At Chicago, for example, he refused to sit at the table with United States Senator William Lorimer, whose election had been tainted by accusations of fraud.

The first important address, before the state legislature at Denver, Colorado, was an amplification of Roosevelt's displeasure toward the courts, expressed in 1907 and 1908. The criticism this aroused was increased by the most famous speech of the trip, at Osawatomie, Kansas, two days later. In its essential points, the Osawatomie address foretold the charter of the Progressive party. Roosevelt quoted Abraham Lincoln's statement that Labor was "prior to and independent of Capital" and deserved higher consideration. "I stand for the square deal," he said. "But . . . . I mean not merely that I stand for fair play under the present rules of the game, but that I stand for having those rules changed so as to work for a more substantial equality of opportunity and reward. . . . This," he added, "means that our Government must be freed from the sinister influence or control of special interests."

Effective regulation of corporations was impossible while "their political activity remains." Supervision of capitalization was essential, of railroads as well as other corporations, for "I do not wish to see the nation forced into the ownership of the railways if it can possibly be avoided . . . . " As for the tariff, " . . . . the big special interests and the little special interests" had been far too influential in the drafting of sched-

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ules. An expert tariff commission, free of political influence, was the only solution. To guard against "swollen fortunes," income and inheritance taxes should be instituted. Other problems to be solved were protection of labor, conservation of natural resources, aid for the farmer:

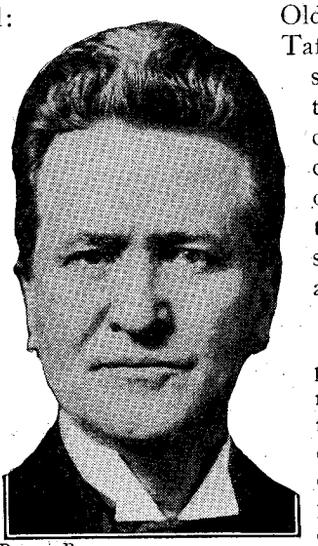
. . . . The state must be made efficient for the work which concerns only the people of the state; and the nation for that which concerns all the people. There must remain no neutral ground to serve as a refuge for lawbreakers of great wealth . . . . I do not ask for overcentralization; but I do ask that we work in a spirit of broad and far-reaching nationalism when we work for what concerns our people as a whole . . . . The betterment which we seek must be accomplished, I believe, mainly through the national government. The American people are right in demanding that New Nationalism without which we cannot hope to deal with new problems. The New Nationalism puts the national need before sectional or personal advantage . . . . It demands of the judiciary that it shall be interested primarily in human welfare rather than in property. . . .

Thus far, the New Nationalism marked no departure from Roosevelt's utterances of the past. He had advanced these ideas in his message to Congress of January 31, 1908. He said nothing, as yet, of the initiative and referendum, nor did he mention the recall of judicial decisions. The Osawatomie address aroused wide interest for two reasons. The first was that the public mind was better prepared for reception of such doctrines. The second was that one or two passages were alarmingly close to the socialism from which Roosevelt had always shrunk. The New Nationalism, he said, "implies . . . . far more governmental interference with social and economic conditions than we have yet had, but I think we have got to face the fact that such increase is now necessary." Most radical of all:

. . . . We are face to face with new conceptions of the relations of property to human welfare . . . . The man who wrongly holds that every human right is secondary to his profit must now give way to the advocate of human welfare, who rightly maintains that every man hold his property subject to the *general right of the community to regulate its use to whatever degree the public welfare may require it* . . . .

Regulate the property of Mr. Morgan or Mr. Harriman in the interest of the people? Do this to "whatever degree" the public welfare might require? Even Roosevelt became a little alarmed by the storm his Denver and Osawatomie speeches caused. He had said nothing regarding property or the courts that Abraham Lincoln would have refused to say, he protested. He confessed to Lodge that it had been "a blunder of some gravity" to express himself in such a manner that his remarks could be considered apart from their context and misunderstood.

The trip through the South in October was followed by the excursion into Indiana in behalf of Beveridge. Although he made many speeches and was heard by large audiences, Roosevelt offered no amplification of the New Nationalism. After the defeat in New York in November, his position was anomalous. He had further alienated the Old Guard. His support of Taft had horrified the insurgents. He permitted ten days to elapse before commenting on the 1910 campaign, and then said only that he had nothing to add or subtract from the speeches at Osawatomie and elsewhere:



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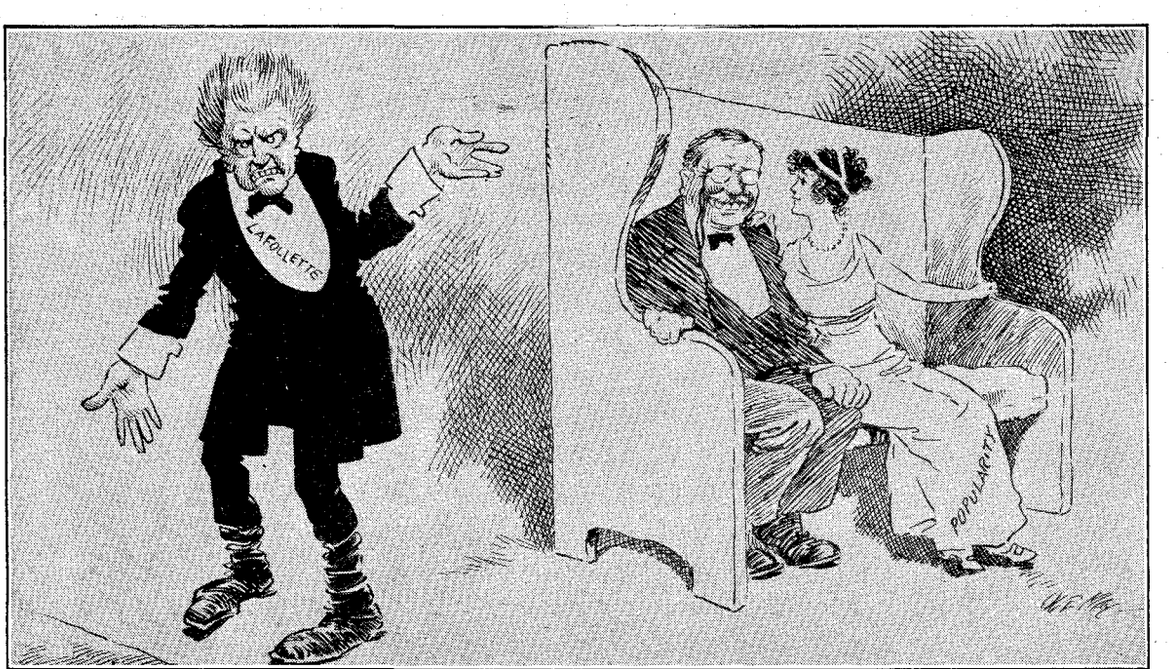
ROBERT LA FOLLETTE

The fight for progressive popular government has merely begun, and will certainly go on to a triumphant conclusion, in spite of initial checks, and in spite of the personal success or failure of individual leaders.

Another journey was undertaken in March, 1911, and although Roosevelt continued to sound the tenets of the New Nationalism, and to add certain new ones, his trip to the Pacific coast aroused comparatively little interest. This time there was no private car filled with newspaper correspondents. The address which attracted the most attention was the one at Berkeley, California, on March 23, 1911, when the lamentable phrase, "I took Panama," was first expressed publicly.

The obscurity of 1911 was, however, merely an eclipse. Roosevelt was to emerge from the shadow with even greater power and take the final steps which led to the wrecking of his party and the ascension to power of Woodrow Wilson. Partly this was due to his hold upon the people. More, perhaps, it was due to the basic strength of the popular dissatisfaction and to the additional prophets who proclaimed a cure. Finally, it was possible because Roosevelt avoided



May in the Cleveland Press

"What's the use? The more I talk, the better she likes him!"

Photographs by courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, 28 East Twentieth Street, New York

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an error he had made in 1908. He declined to state whether he would be a candidate for the presidency in 1912 and explained in a private letter:

. . . . I do not wish to put myself in the position where, if it becomes my plain duty to accept, I shall be obliged to shirk such duty because of having committed myself. As things are now, I feel convinced that it will not become my duty to accept. They have no business to expect me to take command of a ship simply because the ship is sinking. . . .

If Roosevelt's had been the only voice sounding the principles of the New Nationalism the Progressive party might never have been formed. Two other individuals were behind the program for reform, although they differed on some of the details. One was Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey. The other was La Follette of Wisconsin, whom Roosevelt had once compared to Bryan. The relations between Roosevelt and Wilson, who were to become such bitter enemies, had once been cordial to the point of personal friendship. That they never became close friends was due to circumstance rather than desire. Their first meeting took place in Baltimore, Maryland, on March 3, 1896. Roosevelt, as police commissioner of New York City and advocate of civil service reform, had been invited to address the voters of Baltimore and "was given a magnificent reception." The account in the Baltimore *News* continued:

. . . . Professor Woodrow Wilson of Princeton College, who has been delivering lectures at Johns Hopkins University and who is an authority on municipal government, made a pleasing address. He is an eloquent talker and he devoted his speech to the bad results that would surely come from . . . . success of the spoils movement. . . .

Apparently the two men liked each other. At all events, when Roosevelt became Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1897, Dr. Wilson felt at liberty to make a plea for some deserving Democrat about to lose his post in the Navy Department. Roosevelt suggested that an appeal be made directly to Secretary of the Navy Long:

. . . . I am, of course, merely a subordinate. . . . I am what would be called a professional civil service reformer, and I am all the time asking favors in the way of retention of Democrats in all branches of the service. . . .

Wilson, when still far from public office, was a liberal of whom Roosevelt approved. As governor of New York he called one speech Wilson had made "admirable in every way." A few weeks later he asked whether there was any prospect that the Princeton professor would be in Albany; there was "much I should like to talk over with you."

"THE LATEST ARRIVAL AT THE POLITICAL ZOO"
The Progressive or Bull Moose party came to life for the campaign of 1912, after T. R. found himself unable to block the renomination of Taft by the Republicans

"As an American interested in that kind of productive scholarship which tends to statesmanship," Roosevelt wrote in June, 1902, "I hail your election as president of Princeton . . . ."

On December 2, 1905, the Army-Navy game was held at Princeton and Roosevelt, attending it, was met at the station by Wilson. They shook hands with great cordiality, and Roosevelt went to Wilson's home for lunch. Soon after, the ripening friendship died. Perhaps it was because Colonel George Harvey, at a dinner in New York in February, 1906, declared that Wilson of Princeton was well qualified for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1908. More probably the President had heard rumors that criticism of "my policies" had begun to emanate from the scholarly seclusion of Princeton. In November, 1907, Dr. Wilson allied himself with the foes of righteousness by granting an interview, prefaced by a statement that he had no aspirations toward public office.

The president of Princeton expressed agreement with the trust-control program of Roosevelt in so far as it related to publicity for corporate earnings and capitalization. But he was doubtful that the solution for the problems which faced America lay in politics. He seemed to favor some council, divorced from those who held office, which would attempt to cure the evils in the body politic. As for Roosevelt:

. . . . I have not seen much of Mr. Roosevelt since he became President, but I am told that he no sooner thinks than he talks, which is a miracle not wholly in accord with the educational theory of forming an opinion. . . .

Dr. Wilson subsequently protested that the interview had not presented his ideas very accurately, but he did not disavow the content. Undoubtedly Roosevelt was shown the interview. ". . . . I have felt rather impatient with his recent attitude on certain matters . . . ." the President said, regarding Wilson, in 1908.

By September, 1910, Wilson had abandoned his pedagogical distaste for politics, his belief that reform was best effected by non-political committees. Accepting the Democratic nomination for governor of New Jersey he ran on what Roosevelt's own magazine called "a Western insurgent Republican platform." It called for additional taxation upon the railroads, an eight-hour day on all public works, the direct primary, control of corporations and criminal liability for their officers, a corrupt practices act and the election of United States senators by popular vote instead of by the state legislatures. In place of Roosevelt's New Nationalism, Woodrow Wilson was to voice the New Freedom. He was no longer a friendly or visionary or hostile college professor. He was a rival.

Theodore Roosevelt did not propose that salvation of the country should come at the hands of a Democrat, however in agreement with the principles of the New Nationalism. And yet the voice of Wilson, sounding these reforms, had hastened the termination of Roosevelt's eclipse in 1911.

(Continued on Page 510*)*

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▶▶ Buildings That Failed ◀◀

The Movement for Rating Structures

By CLYDE A. MANN

THE delegates to a construction conference called in Washington were milling around in a hotel ready to disperse north, east, south and west, saying the things they wished they had said during the sessions. There were plain words spoken about the appraisals upon which much building financing had been done—disastrously. There were complaints that capital for building operations could not more easily be had from the great investment trusts which hold billions for low interest.

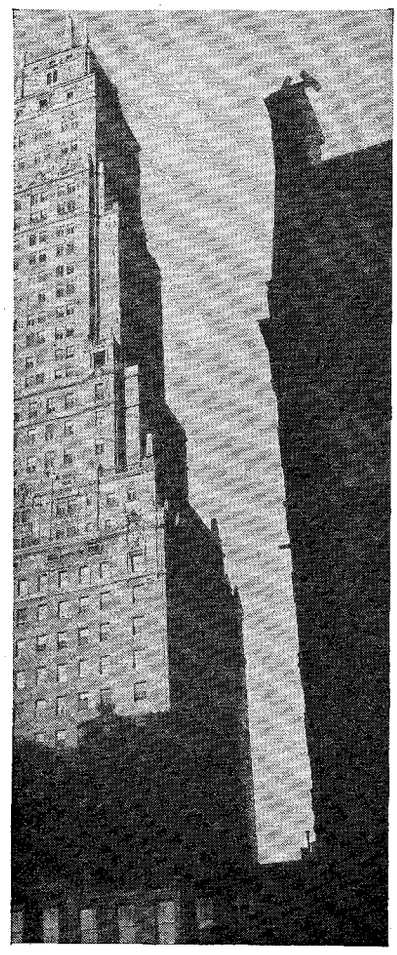
Suddenly one group paused to hear this intriguing query: If ships can be rated, why not buildings? Both are structures. Ships are the more intricate, but for 150 years they have had ratings that make them readily convertible assets.

Why not, indeed? The inspection necessary for ship ratings goes to the materials as well as to the workmanship; the power plants and their horsepower costs are rated; the economics of the ship as well as its seaworthiness and speed are ascertained impartially and authoritatively. On ship ratings bankers, insurance underwriters and charterers make their deals unhesitatingly. The quality of the ship, big or little, of whatever type, is "rated" and thereby appraisals may establish with precision the value of the property.

"Conceive what it would mean," said one of the group pondering the query, "if real estate offices had access to records of structural ratings of buildings in this and other cities? The real estate assets that have a value in the United States of nearly half a trillion dollars would be taken out of the 'slow' column and have the liquidity that is so lacking and so seriously needed. Why should owners be so meticulously careful to know all about the title to the real estate if the building which may be erected on that realty is an unknown quantity? There is a wide variation in the excellence of buildings of any type."

Suddenly the group began scrambling for taxies and discussion was resumed by mail. That query aroused an interest which has grown month by month during the slump in the building industry. If there was a way to establish a free market for real properties, whether dwellings or rental properties, and rating would be an aid, there were many who set themselves to hasten the day of systematic "structural rating."

As a matter of fact, with the endorsements of the Standards Committee of the New York Building Congress and of other influential groups seeking better building conditions, the prediction may be safely made now that nothing can stop it. It is sure to be done. Steps toward the local community groups which will benefit or, in public interest, favor rating are well under way. By means of codes for the rating of each type of building, modified by local climate or other conditions in accordance with counsel of local groups of architects, engineers, lenders, underwriters and chambers of commerce, the service is being established. The rule of *caveat emptor* has had its day and in the building world has proved worse than hopeless.



As the tide of building again rises, as it is doing now under the stimulus of cheap money pressing for investment, the imperative need for an orderly program, of which rating will be but one item, has been discussed until now it is being acted upon.

Nothing less than a scourge of foreclosures was needed to penetrate the inertia of building practices and bring agreement that better ways really were needed. The discovery that of the outstanding building bonds of over $18,000,000,000 a heavy proportion was in default, first startled the one million holders of such bonds, and then startled the entire investing public. Some of those bonds were good; which were they, and why? These problems have been hot issues in local mortgage bankers' associations, in the national association, in the Investment Bankers' Association and in real estate ranks.

The most emphatic answer to the mess into which many billions of investments had fallen was given by the Planning Committee of the Association of General Contractors of America, prompted by the holdings of many contractors and by the slump which came upon building for no other reason than that no finance system existed which assured the big fund managers of safety with building bonds and at the same time assured investors in buildings (notably dwellings) of good structures.

Let me quote some of the emphatic and definite statements contained in that report to the contractors (and endorsed by the Executive Committee):

> The present appraisal procedure is at the root of many of the unsound practices which are a disservice to the public and to sound financing, sound design, sound construction and equitable prices: (1) Appraisals frequently bear no relation to the actual investment, reasonable future earning power, actual construction and land cost or to the soundness of the design or construction. (a) Because there are no definite standards for making appraisals; (b) because payments for independent appraisals are paid for by those interested in having a specific sum reached in the appraisal . . . . (k) because unsound methods of making appraisals undermine public confidence in real estate mortgages, foster irresponsible competition for legitimate financing agencies, architects of merit and responsible contractors.

For several years some of the more foresighted lenders have been urging that the system which let the "buyer beware" not only wrought injustice to the home buyers affected, but would inevitably bring about distrust of mortgage loans. One of the men who championed the adoption of closer inspection and certification of homes was Walter Stabler, of New York, then comptroller of a major life insurance company.

On the other hand, the shipping world

(Continued on Page 501*)*

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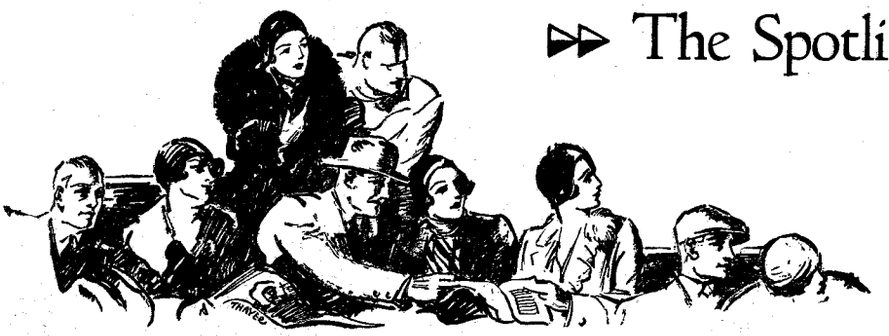
The Spotlight on Sports



Charity Round-Robin

About 25,000 persons paid two dollars a head to watch a gridiron novelty in the shape of a so-called "football round-robin" at the Yale Bowl last Saturday. Adding that sum to the program receipts, it appears that the Emergency Fund for the Unemployed benefited to the extent of $60,000.

That's not a bad showing when you realize that the temperature was close to freezing and a December gale chilled hardy onlookers to the marrow. Those shivering spectators took a lot of physical punishment for the jobless even if they didn't strain their pocketbooks. The players suffered from frost-nipped fingers, a fact reflected in wholesale fumbling.

The Yale Bowl affair was not the financial fiasco that many skeptics anticipated following the Holy Cross-Boston College quasi-benefit match at Boston which actually showed a deficit, but it couldn't be called a success either. Had the Yale players been allowed to meet Notre Dame in a regulation length game —as they wanted to—at least $240,000 might have been realized for the needy. Halfway measures are never satisfactory. The "round-robin" scheme savored too much of a hippodrome to attract materially minded football followers who demand a genuine match for their money whether or not it is to be devoted to a worthy cause.

Victory by Decision

Newspapers are notoriously loose in their use of sporting and technical terms. For instance, the three-game-in-one carnival at New Haven wasn't a round-robin at all. In a round-robin everybody plays everybody else, the winner being decided by a won and lost percentage. A baseball pennant race is an example of a true round-robin.

The four contestants at New Haven —Brown, Dartmouth, Holy Cross and Yale—engaged in an elimination tournament, on the tennis championship principle. It was a case of "miss and out." Yale and Brown, drawn against Holy Cross and Dartmouth, survived the first-round preliminaries, thus qualifying for the final. Only one touchdown was scored in the three abbreviated games—Yale bagging that at the expense of an outweighed Holy Cross side. A committee of judges awarded decisions in the two scoreless ties on the basis of yardage gained, aggressiveness, originality of attack and precision of execution.

No fault could be found with the two decisions handed down, but this arbitrary method of settling a deadlock did not impress competent critics as likely to be adopted generally.

Football is essentially a "goal or nothing" game. As in warfare, the objective is the enemy's capital—in this case, his goal-line. A team that can stonewall the opposition a few feet from the last white line deserves the full fruits of its goal line stand. Better a tie than an arbitrary decision with attendant charges of favoritism or incompetence.

Yale Comes From Behind

Football tournament games must be restricted to twenty-four minutes or less if three matches are to be squeezed into a given afternoon. While this bob-tailed game plan enhances suspense, keeps spectators on tenterhooks and stresses aggressive, chance-taking tactics, it obviously doesn't give the stronger eleven an adequate opportunity to establish its supremacy. Luck rarely evens up over the short route. One fluky "break" is more likely to swing the decision against the potentially stronger side—whereas in sixty minutes class ought to tell.

Yale was patently three touchdowns stronger than either Holy Cross or Brown, yet the Elis were rather lucky to get the judges' decision in the final. The verdict could have gone either way without being unjust. Thanks to a quick kick which caught Yale's backs sound asleep, Brown pinned Yale against its goal posts at the start and held the initiative for half the game. The lightweight visitors unleashed a menacing passing attack.

It was patent that the Yale players had "tightened up" during the hour which elapsed between the first and the third games. The Elis, you see, drew the opening assignment. This meant that they had to sit around in the locker room while Dartmouth met Brown in the second round. Instead of helping Yale, that extra rest on such a frigid day almost proved disastrous.

Not until the last ten minutes of the final match did the Elis get the kinks out of their muscles and begin to function as a team. Then, using sheer power, they steam-rollered their way to the verge of a touchdown. The pardon almost came too late. Doubtless the judges made allowance for the stiffening effect of that hour's layoff and recognized Yale's innate superiority.

Unsavory Episode

American football now has its Dreyfus case. The facts are even more ridiculous than fiction of the college widow brand, with its theme of signal stealing and collegiate skullduggery.

It seems that William Hawkins, reserve center on the University of Southern California eleven, was taken into voluntary custody on November 16 by two detectives in the pay of the U. S. C. Athletic Association. This amazing move was prompted by the charge that Hawkins "had sold inside details of the Trojan offense to Notre Dame."

The youngster, accused of "treason," submitted to a search of his home for incriminating papers and agreed to spend the week before the Notre Dame game under the supervision of two detectives in a cottage near Topango Canyon. Nothing was discovered among Hawkins's belongings to warrant the farcical and slanderous charges of disloyalty. The boy has been completely exonerated and head coach Howard Jones is said to have tendered him a public apology in the presence of the Trojan football squad.

This unsavory episode, fantastic to the point of incredibility, is a severe reflection on the adult intelligence and sportsmanship of the U. S. C. coaches responsible for the "imprisonment." Their alleged action constitutes a gratuitous insult to Notre Dame as well as a slur calculated to ruin Hawkins's reputation. One suspects that the mental age of the Trojan coaches must average seven years.

George Trevor.

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Buildings That Failed

(Continued from Page 499)

at this time is Exhibit A for evidence of the value of precise knowledge according to a rating system, because of all the industries the shipbuilding industry has suffered less in unemployment during recent catastrophic months than almost any other. The reasons for this were best expressed by President Charles A. McAllister of the American Bureau of Shipping. His reply was this:

> Rating or classification is now deemed an absolute essential by all financial people before they will advance any money upon a shipbuilding enterprise. The direct cause for the present boom in American shipbuilding is due to the loans made by the United States government under the terms of the Jones-White bill, but they will not advance a dollar on any kind of shipping property unless it is rated or classed by the American Bureau of Shipping.

The pioneering in the field of ship rating was done by Lloyds Register of Shipping, a British organization which is not governmental but which so far demonstrated efficiency that 60 per cent of world shipping is under Lloyds ratings. From that source, certainly, one well may get authoritative statement of the effect upon quality which has resulted in the shipping world and is now the great, urgent need in the building industry in the United States. Andrew Scott, for sixty years secretary of Lloyds Register, spoke of a transformation wrought in the shipping industry by rating and quoted these words from "The History of Merchant Shipping" (1876):

> When I look back to the time [a quarter century previous] and compare the quality of ships then launched to those of the present day, it is impossible to question the great value of the services this institution [Lloyds Register of Shipping] has rendered to the country. . . . Here we have another instance of the valuable work done without government aid or interference in any shape or form.

The comment of President McAllister was this: "I quite agree with you that the same conditions should apply to building operations on shore, for despite the fact that structures in cities are built under building regulations, there are 'buildings and buildings'."

Leaders among municipal building department officials have contended that their work deals only with the minimums of safety and not with the economics of buildings. Due recognition of grade always has pushed upward the standards of any commodity, for then competition has encouraged quality.

The Week in Business

No Change

ANOTHER period of ebb and flow leaves business just about where it was a week ago. The chief favorable factor was improved retail sales, indicating that at least part of the population is doing its Christmas struggling early. On the debit side were recorded smaller car loadings and also a one per cent decline in the rate of steel production.

The Wabash and Ann Arbor railroad receiverships did not affect the securities markets as much as might have been expected. Stock prices reached but did not go below the levels of the preceding week, and a week-end rally resulted in gains of several points for some of the leading issues.

Announcement of another big bank merger caused no particular excitement. The consolidation of the Manufacturers Trust Company and the Chatham Phenix National Bank and Trust Company had been expected for some time. It was not an emergency move, and its effect on general business should be wholesome.

In the international money markets the pound and the mark were subject to severe pressure. Sterling declined 23 and one-quarter cents in two days, reaching a new low level of three dollars and twenty-nine and one-half cents since England abandoned the gold standard. The sharp drop of the German mark appears to have been due largely to the declaration of Adolph Hitler that his party will respect private debts but not reparation payments.

For the next two or three weeks business will probably be content with coasting. It has had about enough of the year 1931. But when that last leaf of December comes off the calendar it is likely to say: "Well, here, thank God, is 1932. Let's see what we can do with this!"

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

COMMODITY PRICES (Fisher's Index—1926=100) December 3—67.6. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) December 3—66.2.

CAR LOADINGS (American Railway Assn.) Week ended November 21—653,503 cars (reduction of 36,863 under preceding week and of 126,249 under same week of 1930).

STEEL INGOT PRODUCTION Week ended November 28—28% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 11% under same week of 1930).

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION Week ended November 28—daily average gross 2,420,100 barrels (reduction of 33,300 under preceding week; increase of 154,200 over same week of 1930).

BANK CLEARINGS (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended December 3—$6,649,133,000 (increase of 45.6% over preceding holiday week; reduction of 33.1% under same week of 1930).

FAILURES (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended December 3—550 (increase of 58 over preceding holiday week; reduction of 36 under same week of 1930).

New Gadgets

IT IS encouraging to see how business, even under depressed conditions, keeps on trying to develop better methods and processes. Here, for example, are a few instances selected from many we have noted during the past two months.

Research scientists in Manila have successfully demonstrated the use of cocoanut oil as a substitute fuel for Diesel engines.

The Schmitt locomotive, now in use in Germany, has been tested by the Canadian Pacific and shows a 30 per cent saving in fuel costs.

Development of a synthetic rubber, made from acetylene, salt and water, has been announced by E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company.

Textile scientists are hopeful of discovering the long-sought secret of purifying ramie, the oldest and strongest of all vegetable fibers.

The members of Dr. Arthur D. Little's "Fifth Estate," composed of those who have "the simplicity to wonder, the ability to question, the power to generalize and the capacity to apply," are still on the job, doing their best. And their best is very good indeed.

FRANK A. FALL.

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Japan's Stakes in Manchuria

(Continued from Page 493)

anese newspaper reprinted serially "The American Black Chamber" by Herbert O. Yardley, which described how the United States State Department intercepted Japanese code messages at the time of the Washington Conference, and the fact that Baron Shidehara was then ambassador at Washington was used against him.

THE warlike gestures called forth anticipated hostile demonstrations in China. Anti-Japanese associations, with tacit government support, promoted a vigorous seizure of and boycott against Japanese goods. Ambiguously worded posters appeared on the walls of Peiping, Mukden and other cities, warning the people against the dangers of sunstroke, and the guarded implication of aggression on the part of the "Land of the Rising Sun" was not lost on the populace. Hostility toward Japan probably has never been so bitter since the details of the Twenty-one Demands leaked out. The tempers of each nation were ready for the events that have become well-known history.

I have not discussed China's claims in Manchuria, which are consequential economically as well as politically. But no one familiar with the spirit of its new nationalism and its just grievances can suppose that the Manchurian stakes may be lost without provoking, within the next generation, an attempted recovery and revenge. Nor have I discussed Soviet Russia's interests, which are a heritage of the Czarist régime but are important in the future of the Soviet state and are not likely to be neglected. Soviet officials with whom I talked in Moscow in September after having been in Manchuria were aware of the gravity of the situation and were apprehensive, but were noncommittal about Russia's probable course of action.

THE conflict is too firmly rooted in the history of the past forty years and is too intimately associated with the destinies of three rising nations to permit an easy settlement. Present trends point toward a sharpening of the struggle for control, and it seems unlikely that any satisfying solution will be achieved unless and until means are devised for the international allocation of raw materials according to the needs of industrial nations, a rational worldwide organization of marketing, universal disarmament and control, direct and indirect, over the growth and distribution of populations.

The Latest Plays

"AFTER ALL," by John van Druten, of *Young Woodley* renown, is a fine comedy in the proper sense of that much misused word. To patrons of the movies the term has come to mean slapstick farce and Gresham's Law has again operated so that it may conceivably come as a shock to some to hear a play with two deaths, four children born quite properly in wedlock and a quietly arranged divorce in it called a comedy. The only reason I am bringing the point up is on account of the behavior of the audience on the occasion of the *premiere* of *After All*. Such of the bejeweled or white-tied spectators assembled by Dwight Deere Wiman, the producer, as had the uncommon good manners to arrive in time to glance at their programs were greeted with the announcement that it was "a new comedy." There is nothing farcical or even melodramatic about *After All;* it is simply a keenly observant and delicately ironical study of the conflict between the generations in an upper middle-class English family. Whether you will like it or not depends on whether you believe there is a place for that sort of thing on the stage as well as for the exaggerated melodrama of *Mourning Becomes Electra*, in which there is not a single real character, and *Louder, Please*, a slapstick farce in which, too, the effects are gained by exaggeration. I hope there is an audience remaining for comedy *without wisecracks* (that lets *Brief Moment* out), but I know that first-night crowd at Mr. van Druten's play wasn't it.

After All is really what in painting is known as *genre*. It depicts, or should depict, a small portion of a portion of life. In this case it is the localized family above referred to. Mr. Wiman has been most unwise to present American actors so American that they continually say "I'm gunna" for "I'm going to" in the same sentence in which they have laboriously learned to pronounce can't with a broad "a." The chief offenders in this line are Margaret Perry and Edmund George. Competent as they unquestionably are to portray the corresponding American types, these two young actors are only distracting in *After All*. Perhaps it can all be boiled down to a repetition of the obvious statement that if possible English plays should always be played by English casts and American by American. In any case *After All* depends so much on accurate observation that it is almost fatal to its success to risk such discordant notes as are introduced by Miss Perry, Mr. George and Mr. Humphrey Bogart.

Finally getting around to the positive virtues of the performance, I'd like hastily to say that the latter three performers gave every evidence of understanding the play and having the technical power of doing everything necessary except speaking English. Miss Helen Hayes repeats her London performance as the Mother and is stiff enough and sufficiently misunderstanding of the youngsters' point of view to make the whole thing quite plausible. A couple of character bits are beautifully played by Miss Patricia Calvert and Mr. J. Kerby Hawkes, and Raymond Sovey's settings are perfectly in the Kensington atmosphere. After all, *After All* is something to be seen by those who, forewarned of its above-mentioned physical defects, would like to get to know an English family without actually having to live with them.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Recommended Shows

BRIEF MOMENT: Alexander Woolcott strolling through a literate comedy that has Francine Larrimore, too.
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW: The rise of a Jewish boy to legal eminence dramatically told by Elmer Rice.
CYNARA: An intelligent English play about infidelity intelligently and charmingly acted.
GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS: Four or five grand tunes with the Howard-Merman-Marshall-Vallee team to put them over.
LOUDER, PLEASE: More Hollywood hilarity—at, not with.
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA: Nazimova's performance makes the hours pass.
REUNION IN VIENNA: The Lunts in a delightfully inconsequential comedy.
STREETS OF NEW YORK: Revival of an old-timer that is amusingly apt.
THE BAND WAGON: Still the only tasteful revue in town.
THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET: Katharine Cornell fortunately restored to health and back at the Empire.
THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE: A romantic operetta with a fine Jerome Kern score orchestrated by Russell Bennett.
THE GOOD FAIRY: Molnar at his best with Helen Hayes at hers.
THE LEFT BANK: Elmer Rice's accurate depiction of the Paris expatriates.

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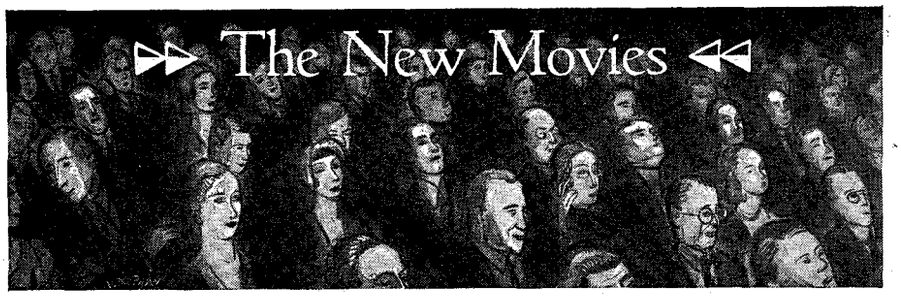

"Arrowsmith"

ANOTHER of Hollywood's rare accidents has occurred—a fine, honest, exciting film has slipped by the boys on the Coast who spend their lives garbling every serious effort and who pride themselves on their God-given mediocrity. *Arrowsmith* was made from Sinclair Lewis' novel of the same name, and presents Ronald Colman as the young doctor who throws over everything to become a great scientist, and Helen Hayes as his long-suffering wife. The photography is dramatic and often beautiful, and director John Ford has used his sound so intelligently that he has at all times a motion picture which really moves. Samuel Goldwyn, who produced the film, has something to be proud of.

Mr. Lewis' novel, you may recall, traced in some detail the life of Martin Arrowsmith from his undergraduate days in medical school to his first post in a small North Dakota town, and then on to his installation in a magnificent research laboratory on the twenty-fifth floor of a New York building. All along the way he fights sham and fakery and the temptation to become a headline and rotogravure "scientist." In all this he is inspired by old Professor Max Gottlieb (A. E. Anson), a scientist and teacher who will tolerate no compromises. I believe this is the first time the genuine scientific attitude—a sort of religious fervor—has reached the screen. Sidney Howard, who adapted Lewis' book, has done a fine job of selection. It was obviously impossible to use every incident in the original (the film lasts two hours as it is) but Mr. Howard has retained all the essential ideas and driving forces of the original. Arrowsmith's great chance comes when he is sent to the West Indies to try his new serum on the plague sufferers. After several weeks of terrible-nerve-racking work during which his wife (Helen Hayes) dies, he returns to the fancy McGurk Institute to find himself surrounded by luncheons, press agents and reporters. In disgust he throws up his expensive job, grabs his microscope, and departs for a shack in the woods to work without spotlight.

"The Battle of Gallipoli"

Ever since 1919 the British have been trying to produce a war film which would stand up with even the poorest produced in any other country. At last they have succeeded—in a measure. For all its faults, which include wretched sound recording and a sort of dramatic sleeping sickness which overtakes the continuity from time to time, *The Battle of Gallipoli* is an arresting and memorable episode. It comes from the novel, *Tell England*, and concerns the tragic attempt of the British in 1915-16 to secure a foothold on Gallipoli, that narrow strip of land between the Aegean and Black Seas. Particularly exciting are scenes made from an elevation showing troops attempting to land on the beach in a swarm of small boats and being cut down by machine guns in the hills. In a few seconds the surf is a tangle of boats and dead men. As for the characters in the story, I found it difficult to take them seriously. Their "Ripping" and "Jolly-well's" and "Right-o's" and languid Oxford accents ruined all illusion of the reality of war for me. But I guess I'm just a crude American, because there really are many horrible scenes of men being bayoneted and blown to bits.

Worth Seeing

AROUND THE WORLD WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS: An informal tour through Japan, China, Siam and India conducted by Doug and his magic carpet.

THE CHAMP: Wallace Beery and the incredibly little Jackie Cooper—two fine performances. The story of an old fighter who attempts a comeback.

FIVE STAR FINAL: A bitter attack on tabloid journalism with Edward G. Robinson.

THE GUARDSMAN: Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in polite but extremely amusing nonsense.

MONKEY BUSINESS: The four Marx brothers at large, tearing their way through an ocean liner.

"Suicide Fleet"

Incredible as it may seem, the U. S. Navy has again permitted a movie troupe to come aboard its boats to make yet another of those Rover Boy epics of life on the beautiful bright blue sea. Never, I hope, will real sailors romp about as cutely as do William Boyd, James Gleason and Robert Armstrong in *Suicide Fleet*. If the men of the U. S. Navy really go on this way, any war we may be faced with is lost right now. As is usual in these films made for recruiting purposes, the pictures of the ships in action are superlatively fine, while those of the love story are dull and silly. Again we have three "pals" who love the same girl, who join the Navy together and share their trials and triumphs all over the world. Supposedly laid in 1917, not even the vaguest attempt is made to reproduce that period. The only people in *Suicide Fleet* who behave sensibly are the German U-Boat officers.

"The Cuban Love Song"

Lawrence Tibbett's newest movie is so silly—so monstrously silly—that it will probably be his last—and that will be a shame because Tibbett has a swell voice and appears to be both charming and intelligent. Some day, I hope, some film producer will find a suitable setting for this fine singer. As for *The Cuban Love Song*, it gives him a chance to sing *The Peanut Vendor* about three times and dress up in a Marine's uniform and go to the World War. I would suggest that Mr. Tibbett go back to the Metropolitan Opera, where the stories are just as silly, but where not so many people see you. Lupe Velez, that cute little Spanish pixie-wixie, romps through the film.

"Blonde Crazy"

Although it follows closely in the gangster tradition, *Blonde Crazy*, a story of hotels and hotel rackets, is the first film with a breath of life to come from Hollywood in some weeks. *Blonde Crazy* is a sort of animated tabloid news story. Its characters are an insufferably cheap and cheeky bellhop (James Cagney), and a flashy blonde linen-room clerk (Joan Blondell), but they are well done, and their talk rings true. By and by they leave their hotel jobs and branch out on a few rackets of their own invention, some of which will surprise you. As you can guess, *Blonde Crazy* is hardly either news or art, but it is lively and should keep you amused. I counted eleven slapped faces in the first half hour, and my only complaint is that Mr. Cagney didn't get his share. Because of an unnecessarily sentimental finish the film goes to pieces at the end—but then you can't have everything in these depressed times.

CREIGHTON PEET.

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The New Books

The Ideology of a Nomad

A FEW years ago Mr. Wells gave the world his *Outline of History*, a sprightly work that has since been translated into the leading languages while a half million copies of the dollar edition were sold in the United States alone in 1930. This was followed by his monumental *Science of Life*, also a highly suggestive treatise; but an outline of biology which devotes so much of its voluminous space to tadpoles and their chums could hardly hope to make so wide an appeal as its forerunner on history. Now he comes up with his outline of economics, entitled: *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind* (Doubleday, Doran: $7.50), two great volumes totaling 924 pages, strategically illustrated, and supplied with footnotes and index.

It would be easy to assume an air of superciliousness with regard to this work, to call attention to the fact that it appears too soon after its predecessor to guarantee thoroughness, to emphasize the fact that it covers such a wide range of topics that sketchiness is more prominent than reasoned finality, and to contend on general principles that the study is not without its errors. But let no one be mistaken: This is the work of a man who thinks in a very large way. Mr. Wells has gone around, poked his nose into the world's business, and set down his conclusions and his prophecies. He is right when he says that the work could not be written until now, and also right when he states that now it had to be written. His underlying thesis is set forth in the second volume in a discussion of the League of Nations which, according to him, is not making the world safe for democracy but for diplomacy. Of Geneva he says that if it were swallowed up by the sea it would be a loss but not an irreparable one, for the general idea of unification for which the League stands is in the air and cannot be stopped or even greatly delayed by any one or anything. The Russian Five-Year Plan? Mr. Wells is surprised that any one should question its desirability or feasibility when the whole world is gravitating toward a Plan or Plans.

Let us dispose first of the work's weaknesses. There are errors even in grammar, as when he writes "between" where only "among" will do. He misspells in close proximity the names of ex-Dean Kirchwey, Professor H. L. Hollingworth and President Walter Dill Scott, which shows conclusively that he had his "brace of students" at work here, and they must have looked up these gentlemen just after some one had had them out to a too starchy lunch. His repeated assurance that this study is merely the preface to his already projected and encyclopedic treatise on the science of work and wealth grows distinctly tiresome. His numerous references to his own two preceding outlines have at first and for a while a droll effect and then become a bit disagreeable. The skimpiness of some of his sections is so pronounced as to leave the impression that he said to himself: Well, I'll take this up in the next; I can't charge but so much for this effort, so why spend all my energy here?

WITH such negligible exceptions that no two readers would select the same passages, he writes without a thought for lightness of touch and with never a tribute to the imagery that keeps folks awake while going through a treatise of this kind and bulk. And there are woeful omissions. If a section on cosmetics, why not one on the work of burying the dead? If a section on lighting, why not one on publishing? If a section on asylums for the insane, why not one on colleges for the sane, especially since one entire chapter is labeled "Education"? We may assume that these and many others are to be treated in the greatest of the great encyclopedias that is to come later. Is it to come within the next two years? There has been a rhythmical recurrence of these Wells outlines now for six years.

But this work was written by a man who has done a lot of thinking and who never stopped thinking while writing these pages. It is as full of facts as the world is full of trouble, as replete with suggestions as a catechism from the saints, and as amiable in its attitude toward mankind as a Christmas song. Mr. Wells sees gigantic problems ahead; but he also sees men like gods eager to solve these problems. He does not believe that the world is coming to an end; he fancies, rather, that it is just getting a start.

His idea of justice is this: If a working man produces less than is spent on him, he is a parasite; if he produces more but some one else gets the excess, there is a robber in the offing. Yet he is not ready to chant the glories of Communism; he is even a bit skittish about Socialism. He strikes out for justice whenever the opportunity arises. His relentless denunciation of Leopold of Belgium, "His Christian Majesty of the Belgians," for his dirty, death-dealing treatment of the natives of the Congo in the exploitation of rubber, is written with the fire that flares up from a heart that has been hurt, a head that has been offended. When he shows how difficult it is to effect the release of a cured inmate from an asylum because the regular staff want to keep the harmless individual on so that they can get some work out of him, he is writing at once with pity and indignation. And when he cautions the gullible against the wiles of the Smart Alexandra as well as against those of the Smart Alec he has in mind the danger of coming to the petty conclusion.

He does work hard the word "Ideology." Let no one be alarmed—the word means nothing more than the way we look at ourselves and the world. In this 'ology Herbert George Wells has been

What to Read

FICTION

Maid in Waiting, by John Galsworthy: Scribners. A quiet drama of English life. Readers of Mr. Galsworthy's Forsyte chronicles will find a few old friends.

The Almond Tree, by Grace Zaring Stone: Bobbs, Merrill. The story of three sisters.

American Beauty, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. A story of early Colonial settlement, its growth, decay and final replacement by the new order.

Mourning Becomes Electra, by Eugene O'Neill: Liveright. Greek tragedy in up-to-date guise; a trilogy of plays.

Westward Passage, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton Mifflin. On a transatlantic steamer a happily married woman falls in love again with her divorced husband.

NON-FICTION

The Care and Feeding of Adults, by Logan Clendening: Knopf. A book against cranks and in behalf of those who fall for the crank's schemes.

Theodore Roosevelt, A Biography, by Henry F. Pringle: Harcourt, Brace. The first full and impartial biography of T. R.

The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind, by H. G. Wells: Doubleday, Doran. The third part of Mr. Wells's massive trilogy.

Forty-Niners, by Archer B. Hulbert: Little, Brown. The story of the great gold rush.

The Unknown War, by Winston S. Churchill: Scribners. The World War in the East.

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a nomad; he has wandered all around, taken notes on what he has seen, and written up his impressions in a style that any one can at least understand. To read this book intelligently is to know what it is all about.

The Week's Reading

Bernard Shaw By Frank Harris Simon and Schuster, $4.00

By the laws of Nature, Shaw can live only a few more years. As Frank Harris has shown him up, his works, with the unique exception of *Candida*, are already dead. But Frank Harris's *Bernard Shaw* will survive Rodin's bust of England's drollest riddle, if for no other reason because there will be so many more copies of the book than there can possibly be of the bust. Of course he who would know Shaw's works must go to them or remain forever an idiot. He who would know Shaw as men of letters are uncovered and exploited in universities must go to Archibald Henderson. But he who would know Shaw as he has worked, sneered, laughed, bathed, philandered, married, remained fatherless, entertained, made donations at six per cent, compromised, wiggled out of holes, become England's wittiest writer, shammed, damned, lived and is now preparing to die in a dry ditch under a heaven of stars must go to Frank Harris. Had Henderson written this book he would lose his job at Chapel Hill and not a member of the American Association of University Professors would say a syllable in his behalf; had Harris been asked to write the Henderson life of Shaw he would have perished at the thought with the same suddenness that took him off on August 26 last. And this is the point. Harris made Shaw and then found him a taut, tied tight bundle of disappointments. Harris has made out a strong case against Shaw's sincerity. His whole book of 430 pages is on this point, and every sentence rings bright with the merriment of conviction. This is Harris's mistake. He died believing, along with a lot of other people, that in all issues the truth is on one side and error on the other. Nonsense. The baldest, sheerest and most dangerous nonsense. Were truth all on one side and error on the other, there would be no issue. What seemed like an issue in the making would topple with all the precipitateness of an airplane out of control and a heavy engine in the head with only a cardboard tail behind. Shaw has seen from the beginning the two sides to every situation that was sufficiently well balanced to develop into an issue. It is for this reason that he enraged Harris when he said that he would not welcome the idea of launching a hundred per cent Socialism program without a hefty army and a waterproof navy back of him. In the interpretation of Harris's *Shaw* nothing else is important. Keep this in mind—Shaw's dualism and Harris's monism—and you are in for hours of glorious reading. I have personally read too many biographies, since I might have read the works of the men themselves, but I never read a more interesting biography than this one. It is a new type; it establishes a new norm; it can be heartily recommended to North Carolina. Shaw's own contribution is the sole weakness. His sex confession is about as interesting and valuable as would be a statement from him informing us that he had or had not paid for his last winter's coal. His epilogue deserves more careful reading, not because of what it literally says, but because careful reading will reveal a remote shade of sorrow. Heretofore Shaw has laughed at funerals; when Frank Harris died death came a little closer; for the friend had died who had made his own life a success.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

City Child By Selma Robinson Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00

Selma Robinson has a delightful, precise lyric gift, and her first collection of poems makes a charming volume, well designed, and illustrated with exquisite decorations by Rockwell Kent. It would be hard to find a more attractive book of poetry.

However much Miss Robinson may call herself a city child, she is at her best when writing of country things—of the moods of nature, of trees and flowers and the changing seasons. Here she convinces you of her sincere feeling, and makes you newly and freshly aware of what she sees and loves herself. The city poems are clever, but less appealing and real; the least good are her sophisticated poems of youthful disillusion. Dorothy Parker can write the latter extremely well—they are almost her particular province, but they are not the province of Miss Robinson, who gives to them a cold, brittle quality that makes them appear not so much the result of experience as of mental agility. Miss Robinson's work along this line may be very popular, but it has neither the originality of mind nor the honesty that characterizes the best of her work. If she will resolutely put aside the sort of thing that others have done before her and be herself to the fullest extent of her power, her work will be valued for its point of view as well as its charm.

As a poet Miss Robinson's technical endowment is great, and her collection is unusually finished and perfect. She is fortunate in having Rockwell Kent as

"Once in a century comes a book like this."—The Outlook

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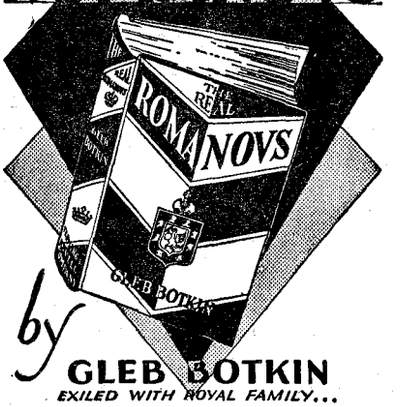

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Books carry the true spirit of Christmas giving. They last a long time and they cost little. This year it is not hard to find just the right book for everyone on your holiday list, for the shops are full of interesting new books and old favorites in attractive new editions.

Consult the list of books for Christmas Gifts in this issue of the Outlook

a vigorous and sympathetic interpreter of her ideas.

BERNICE KENYON.

The Forest Hospital at Lambarene
By Albert Schweitzer
Henry Holt, $2.00

Albert Schweitzer, a German missionary to Africa, is unquestionably one of the most brilliant men living today. He merits as do few the title of "great." Some twenty years or more ago he wrote a searching theological work called *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*. At thirty he was a master in this field. He was also a master in the field of music, for he had become one of the world's most gifted organists and an authority in the interpretation of Bach. But all these attainments were not enough to consume his energy and ability. He felt the need of the natives of Africa with that same insistence that came to Livingstone. He saw that effectiveness there made necessary a thorough knowledge of medicine. He took a medical course and specialized in tropical diseases. As he says so simply in the preface to his new book on his African experiences, *The Forest Hospital at Lambarene*, "I had learned of the physical misery of the natives of this region through Alsatian missionaries. . . . I found out that there was no doctor in that country and that the Society could find none to send out since they did not have the necessary money to found a real hospital. So I decided to found a hospital there." He raised the funds for that hospital partly from friends and partly from his organ recitals. He went out to this needy region and he has devoted himself at the risk of his health and at the sacrifice of his home to the friendless humans of this disease-ridden spot. That he has found abiding satisfaction in these African years this new volume amply testifies. It is a fascinating story of adventure, of life in the raw, of the practice of medicine under the most adverse circumstances conceivable, of the fight against a devitalizing climate, the ignorance of men and the attacks of beasts. There have been writers of greater literary skill who have pictured the romance of Africa, but no one has revealed more completely the heights to which human nature can rise when led on by a burning religious idealism. His book is an epic.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Behind the Blurbs

Two Against Scotland Yard
By David Frome
Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00

Two revolver shots on the lonely road and the motorcycle sped away, leaving two bullets in place of the diamonds, and Mrs. Colton weeping over Mr. Colton, who contained the bullets. Keep an eye on Peskett, the chauffeur, and another on young Royce, whose mother owned the sparklers, and if you can spare still another, fix it on Steiner, the jewel merchant. Even then there'll be other suspects out of the range of your vision. How Inspector Bull sorts them all out and picks his candidates for the prisoners' dock makes a pleasant tale of sin and sorrow, murder and theft.

Mr. Fothergill's Plot
By Eighteen Authors
Oxford, $2.50

In an effort to prove that it's the treatment and not the plot that counts, here are 18 stories by different authors but all with the same plot. The results were rather disappointing to us. Most of the stories are well done, and it is true that the treatment is so different that they can be read in sequence without fatigue. But there is less variation than we would have expected. Chesterton, Rebecca West, L. A. G. Strong and Frank Swinnerton seem to have come off the best. The others—among whom are included Coppard, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Margaret Kennedy, E. M. Delafield, Storm Jameson and J. C. Squire—have taken little trouble to develop more than the most obvious interpretation in a rather stereotyped way. Their stories are competent—and lifeless. It is, however, an interesting experiment.

Gifts of Life
By Emil Ludwig
Little, Brown, $4.00

The autobiography of a biographer, done in an easy, pleasant, richly informative style. He tells very frankly how and why he has written his many books, and includes pen portraits of Shaw, Edison, Nansen, Bülow, Dehmel, Rathenau and dozens of the famous men and women with whom he has come in contact. Ludwig is a sharp, if sometimes superficial, observer, and has been able to view himself with sufficient detachment to make a very honest portrait.

Circus
By Paul Eipper
Viking, $3.00.

A grand book by the author of *Animals Looking At You*, with 47 photographs by Hedda Walther. Eipper knows every side of circus life, and writes of it with sympathy, humor and an enthusiasm that makes vivid even the most prosaic details. At least we suppose they are prosaic; you won't find it out from reading what he writes about them.

The Stag at Eve
Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00

Soglow, Steig, Shermund, Rea, Van Buren and others are the artists responsible for this ribald picture book. As there are no page numbers, we cannot indicate just where we snickered, so you will have to search out the best ones for

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yourself. But there are 89 of them. A good Christmas present, but not for the cousin who is a deaconess.

Crime & Co.
By S. Fowler Wright
Macaulay, $2.00

Two of the bullets which slew Mr. Bulfwin collided in his inards, indicating two murderers, one of whom was probably Mr. Starr, of Chickadee, Colorado, who talks the sort of jargon English writers believe Americans to use. Then there's Trentham, but he was out of town. Major Cattell-Pratt has been investigating Trentham for Scotland Yard, and he's displeased when Miss C.-P., his sister, gets emotional about Mr. Starr. Darned if we blame him. Any man who could use the kind of language Mr. Wright puts into his mouth must be a monster of some kind. And there's a trick denouement which is quite incredible. We can't hand this story much. Mr. Wright has done very much better.

Times and Tendencies
By Agnes Repplier
Houghton Mifflin, $2.00

Many volumes of trivial, graceful literary exercises, put out as essays for lack of a more descriptive word, have pushed that once important form of composition to the edge of oblivion. But Miss Repplier's sane, thoughtful and humorous comments on—in this latest volume—politicians and pacifists, suburbanites and movie actors, doctors, collectors and theatrical audiences, keep up the robust old tradition. Wide reading has enriched them, but her study windows have a view of Main Street and Broadway, and she is concerned less with bric-a-brac and whimsicalities than with the world as she sees it.

Exit Simeon Hex
By J. M. Walsh
Brewer, Warren & Putnam, $2.00

Simeon was a wealthy curmudgeon who invited all his expectant relatives to a house-party just in order to keep them undecided as to which he'd leave his money to. What followed was to be expected—a loud explosion in Simeon's bedroom which completely demolished the old gentleman. It also demolished the hopes of a number of the relatives and put them under suspicion. Paul Hex in particular, who was an authority on high explosives, fortunately for the author, was for a time under a deep cloud. But justice triumphs, love comes into its own and you'll never guess what the explosive was.

The Red Badge of Courage
By Stephen Crane
Random House, $15.00

The Great War has as yet inspired no book one-tenth as fine as this story of a young private soldier in the Civil War, written by a boy in his early twenties who knew no more of battles than you do of wild animal training. Why the dignity of a limited edition has for so long been denied it, is hard to see, but this one, limited to 900 copies, printed by the Grabhorn Press, and decorated by Valenti Angelo, seems to us completely worthy. We think it would make a fine Christmas present.

The Works of John Held, Jr.
Washburn, $3.00

More pitchers—163 of Mr. Held's hilarious reconstructions of the good old days of buggy, bustle, saloon, moustache cup, cakewalk and hatpin, done in the woodcut style familiar to readers of The New Yorker and Vanity Fair. Ribald, but not so consistently so as the former book.

The Long Christmas Dinner
By Thornton Wilder
Yale and Coward McCann, $2.50

Six one-act plays which will add little to Mr. Wilder's reputation. The title play, foreshortening and compressing ninety Christmas dinners in the Bayard home, is interestingly handled; and *Queens of France*, in which a lawyer persuades a number of women in old New Orleans that they have a claim to the French throne, is amusing. We would like to see *Pullman Car Hiawatha* produced, if only to witness the scene where the colored porter "blushes violently." WALTER R. BROOKS.

Suggested Books for Christmas Giving

FICTION

Hatter's Castle, by A. J. Cronin. Little Brown.
All Passion Spent, by V. Sackville-West. Doubleday Doran.
The Colonel's Daughter, by Richard Aldington. Doubleday Doran.
Shadows on the Rock, by Willa Cather. Knopf.
The Almond Tree, by Grace Zaring Stone. Bobbs Merrill.
The Young Mrs. Meigs, by Elizabeth Corbett. Century.

BIOGRAPHY

The Caliph of Bagdad, A Biography of O. Henry, by Robert H. Davis and Arthur B. Maurice; Appleton.
Empress Innocence, The Life of Marie Louise, by M. E. Ravage. Knopf.
Wellington, by Philip Guedalla. Harpers.
***Theodore Roosevelt;* A Biography,** by Henry F. Pringle. Harcourt Brace.
Bernard Shaw, by Frank Harris. Simon & Schuster.

MYSTERY

The Shortest Night, by G. B. Stern. Knopf.
The Three Fishers, by Francis Beeding. Little Brown.
Creeps by Night, A Collection by Dashiell Hammett. John Day.
The Dutch Shoe Mystery, by Ellery Queen. Stokes.
Night at Lost End, by George Agnew Chamberlain. Brewer, Warren & Putnam.

GENERAL

Living Philosophies, A Symposium. Simon & Schuster.
Washington Merry Go Round, Anonymous. Liveright.
Epic of America, by James Truslow Adams. Little, Brown.
The Romance of French Weaving, by Paul Rodier. Stokes.
The Jungle of the Mind, by Edgar James Swift. Scribners.
The Care and Feeding of Adults, by Logan Clendening. Knopf.
Savage Paradise, by Margaret Matches. Century.

VERSE

Fatal Interview, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper.
Mathias at the Door, by Edgar Arlington Robinson. Macmillan.
Ballads for Broadbrows, by A. P. Herbert. Doubleday Doran.
Death and Taxes, by Dorothy Parker. Viking.
Free Wheeling, by Ogden Nash. Simon & Schuster.
City Child, by Selma Robinson. Farrar & Rinehart.

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Notable Music

▶▶ *Montemezzi's New Opera*

"L A NOTTE di Zoraima," an opera in one act and scene by Italo Montemezzi, had its first American performance at the Metropolitan Opera House Wednesday night. It is the second work by this reticent composer since the brilliant success of *l'Amore di Tre Re* seventeen years ago. The musical idiom of this earlier work derived from that of the later Verdi, but was infused with a new and different individual flavor; to a fine libretto was added music of distinction, vitality and dramatic blood. So the new opera had on all sides aroused the highest expectations.

These were, on the whole, disappointed. The libretto, by Ghisalberti, has little poetry or inner life. Its somewhat trite plot deals with the attempt of an exiled Inca princess to save her tenor lover, hidden in her ruined abode, from the Spanish conquistadores by "vamping" their baritone commander; having accomplished this with entire success, she promptly furnishes the inevitable operatic catastrophe by stabbing herself, apparently somewhere in the region of the duodenum.

TO THIS, Montemezzi has composed a score which can be best summarized as thoroughly conventional. Though possessing some fine pages, especially in the latter half, it is, on the whole, routine work; having none of the eager fire and dramatic tension distinguishing *l'Amore*, which said much better everything that the present work has to say. It is to be feared that Italo Montemezzi, like Leoncavallo and Mascagni, is a one-work man.

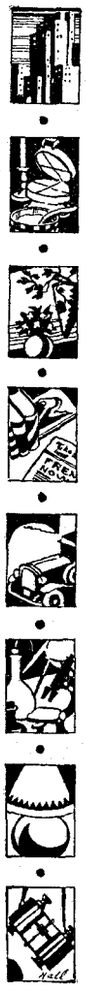
The performance was musically admirable. Mr. Serafin utilized to the full every opportunity given him by the score. Madame Ponselle was vocally superb in the title rôle and Mr. Basiola thoroughly admirable as the Spanish commander. Over the acting, by the entire cast, let us throw a kindly veil of charitable oblivion.

The stage setting was Early Victorian in conception and lighting; the scene being bestrewn with peculiar objects faintly suggesting rocks without carrying conviction. The costumes, doubtless well-intentioned, seemed far less characteristic of the ancient Peruvian Indians than of that noble, though alas! extinct Red Man whose mission was to add éclat to the cigar stores of the gay nineties.

An excellent and spirited performance of *Pagliacci* followed with notably fine singing by Mr. Lauri-Volpi as *Canio*.

MARSHALL KERNOCHAN.

▶▶ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◀◀



AIDED and abetted by the Coolidges, a lady in Northampton, Mass., has produced an exact replica of the glass oil table lamp by the light of which Cautious Cal was sworn into the presidency by his father. This replica—which is yours for $10—is, of course, electric, and the light goes on when you turn up the wick. Also there's an etching of the Coolidge homestead on the glass chimney. Then if you must have a shade, you can get a parchment one for $18 extra, or a hexagonal linen one for $25. Ho, hum.

▶▶ A SIMPLE and inexpensive umbrella rack comes in two parts: a wooden strip to fasten to the floor, with eight hollows to take the tips of the umbrellas, and a metal strip for the wall with eight slots for the handles.

▶▶ FOR fifty cents you can get a 25-yard roll of Wonder Paper, which takes the place of a dust cloth. It is made of rags and soft pulp, impregnated with furniture polish, and it will dust, clean and polish woodwork, leather and metal. Said to remove rust and grease stains from metal and leather, and it won't scratch.

▶▶ OUR idea of nothing at all as a Christmas present would be a set of those little squeezers shaped like oyster shells, with which you wring out the little pieces of lemon they serve you with fish. But Lord, maybe they're just what somebody wants. So we thought we'd tell you about them.

▶▶ THE growing popularity of the automatic refrigerator has been responsible for a large number of supplementary inventions, most of them aimed at making the extraction of ice cubes easier. Most of them succeed, in our opinion, in making everything so complicated that rather than use them you'll drink hot tea. The latest contraption of this kind is what looks to us like an electric drill, for loosening the trays in the refrigerator before taking them out. And for those persons who, when they want crushed ice, are too lazy to put the cubes in a piece of cloth and smack them with a sledgehammer, there is a thing like a meat grinder with a glass dish conveniently below, which is to be used in grinding up the ice.

▶▶ THE new Schick Dry Shaver is a small reaping machine which you can hold comfortably in the palm of one hand. It contains a small motor, and the business end has thirty-odd very small slots into which, as you pass it across your face, the whisker glides, to be nipped off close to the skin by a mysterious something that oscillates with practically incredible rapidity. There's a technical name for this something which we've forgotten, and which wouldn't enlighten you much anyway, but it's not a blade. So there's nothing to sharpen. You can't cut yourself if you want to, and there's nothing to get out of order. We've tried it, and it works well, though we believe you have to use it a while before you get the best results, since it requires a slightly new technique. Its chief advantage seems to us to be that you don't have to bother with strops and brushes and lather, so that if you keep it attached to your bedside lamp you can shave before getting up in the morning. Or, if you're in a great hurry, you can shave with one hand while you manipulate your coffee cup with the other. This is not an arrangement which the manufacturers suggest, but we are perfectly serious in bringing it forward. Wasn't it Mr. Pym, in *Sentimental Tommy*, who argued that if he hadn't taken the time to shave every morning for several decades, he could have written enough more shockers to have made him a rich man? This razor would have given the same result, for he could have shaved with one hand and written with the other.

▶▶ COULD you become excited about an aluminum dustpan which has a long enamelled wood handle attached on a ball-bearing socket and with an extension for the foot, so that it can be adjusted and held at any angle? We couldn't. We think, as a matter of fact, that there's too much dusting and sweeping going on all over the country. To our mind, it is one of the principal causes of the present depression. If women wouldn't spend so much time dusting and sweeping, they'd be out spending and putting all that money into circulation. And what good does it all do? The dust just gets stirred up and whirls around and gets in people's noses and irritates both them and their noses and then settles down in the same place again. Our method is simply to let it lie until it forms a soft grey carpet, which, when it's thick enough, keeps the floor warm and is comfortable to the feet. Then you can roll it up if you want to dance.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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From the Life

A Hand on His Shoulder

THE earth rolled lazily through its autumn sunshine; the police car rolled pleasantly over its speck of earth. The prisoner, young and rebellious, sat silently beside the silent driver.

How far was it to the county jail, he wondered? He'd never been there before. He didn't know what a jail looked like. The vague picture of solid walls, of locked gates, of stone floors and barred spaces—like coffins, he thought with a sense of suffocation—it all made him feel strange in his head; he might be going crazy.

What was it that had let him in for this?

What was it made him like to drive fast? Hell! He didn't know.

So he sat in a police car, hands idle in his pockets, eyes sliding sideways at the constable who was driving him slowly to jail.

Ever since he'd first got his hands on the wheel of a machine, foot on the gas, eyes on the road, he'd had to let her go. He caught a quick breath at the thought of it, hunching his right shoulder slightly, feeling the faint inward sway with which he met the mere idea of speed.

So now he'd done it once too often. And they expected him to think it over, he supposed. To sit still for a while and think it over. Fifty-five days. Fifty-five nights. One hundred and ten times twelve. Wowie! Thirteen hundred and twenty hours. You could miss anything in thirteen hundred and twenty hours. That much of his life wasted. All because he was made like that—not to sit still. Hell! What should he be made for doing? Sitting behind a desk in court? Reading out of lawbooks? Hustling other fellows into jail?

He glanced sideways again. The cop looked like a good guy all right, only—was he supposed to like his job? His mouth was set, his eyes stared straight ahead, he had a look like somebody thinking deep. Sure! He liked his job all right. He looked like a steady one, always knowing what he was headed for; and not too fast.

"Everybody made different, hey?" he said cheerfully to the cop. The cop said nothing, only frowned—not much; as if he had his mind on something.

"Well, the way I look at it," he went on (might as well do his thinking out loud) "the way I look at it is, it's nobody can help it. We all do as we're told, one way or another. Something says to me Beat it, Old Kid, and I hit her up. Something says to you Steady now! And there you go upholding law and order. Something says to me Go to jail—and what's the difference? If it's something inside you or something outside? Take him to jail, is what they say to you. Everybody doing what he's told."

A crossroad was in front of them and the cop slowed up. He had stopped frowning. All about them lay the autumn countryside still and expectant. The prisoner lifted his eyes to follow a bird dipping, recovering, rising and dipping again.

"The question is," he said suddenly grinning, "If I got a break and could get away, and something said Beat it Old Kid, would I listen to what was saying Go to jail? Swell chance! Showing," he concluded, and nudged the cop, "showing which has the punch with me."

The cop leaned forward heavily to shift the gears. He shifted them quickly and with a grinding noise.

"Say," said the prisoner, suddenly impatient, "thirteen hundred and twenty hours in jail don't look like much to you, hey? Well, don't hurry on my account. Time's nothing to me."

Nevertheless, the police car was certainly hitting it up, and drunkenly at that. The cop seemed all of a sudden in a horrible sort of hurry, as if he were trying to get away from something. His arms almost encircled the wheel, his great body leaned forward, his eyes fixed themselves sharply on the road ahead. And, as the prisoner stared indignantly, the steering wheel took an unexpected spin under his hand. The police car lurched sharply and careened from one side of the road to the other.

"Hey!" yelled the prisoner leaning forward instinctively. He grabbed the wheel and turned off the engine, bringing the car dizzily to a stop. "Now what's the big idea?" he asked resentfully, taking out his handkerchief and patting his face. Then he stared with slow comprehension. For the cop still sat silent, his big body slumped forward.

"I'll be damned," whispered the prisoner gently. For a moment he sat as still as the limp body in the driver's seat. . . .

A short while later the prisoner drove up to the main entrance of the county jail. He got out quietly from the police car and pointed respectfully inside.

"Nothing to be done," he said briefly. "Guess it was his heart.

"By the way," he remembered, "I'm here to serve sentence. Fifty-five days."

IBBY HALL.

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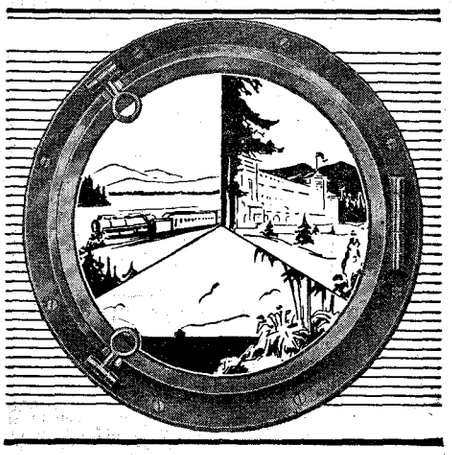

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T. R.'s Break With Taft

(Continued from Page 498)

Roosevelt and Wilson, and an unhappy Taft in the White House; these were the leading persons of the drama. There was a fourth, hardly less important. This was La Follette, who had been born in the traditional log cabin. La Follette was a pioneer for the New Nationalism. He had fought the railroads as governor of Wisconsin. He had come to the Senate to demand regulation more radical than Roosevelt. In 1911 La Follette dreamed that the fruits of his labors would be the Republican presidential nomination in 1912, a nomination made possible by the growing insurgency which he had fostered. La Follette was to die believing that Roosevelt, in seeking the nomination for himself, had betrayed him.

La Follette, too, accelerated the passing of the shadow between Roosevelt and the public. This was his tragedy. It lay in Roosevelt's power, as the events of those turbulent years unfolded, to make La Follette the nominee. It is improbable that the Taft forces could have blocked his selection. But Roosevelt chose otherwise. To say, however, that he deliberately betrayed La Follette is to attribute to him characteristics of cunning which he did not possess. Roosevelt, after his defeat in 1910, did not scheme. He drifted. The quality which made him refrain from endorsing La Follette was his uncertainty that the Wisconsin senator was really the prophet of the New Nationalism. It is not to be expected that La Follette could appreciate this. He received from Roosevelt endorsement of his program. He naturally concluded, when Armageddon came, that he had been used by Roosevelt to test the battlements of the enemy, and then discarded. The evidence is conclusive, however, that Roosevelt did not commit himself to support La Follette. It is equally conclusive that he gave aid and comfort to his candidacy. In politics the distinction is as definite as it is important.

The movement for the nomination of La Follette began during the Christmas holidays in 1910. The National Progressive Republican League was formed in January, 1911, with Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., as chairman. Its declaration of principles called for popular election of United States senators, direct primaries, direct election of delegates to national conventions, a thoroughgoing corrupt practices act, and amendments to the constitutions of the various states providing for the initiative, referendum and recall. But Roosevelt's name was not included among the sponsors of the League. He told Bourne that he was in sympathy with its purposes in a general way, but that certain limitations and safeguards should be added. He was a little uncertain about the use of the recall on a national scale.

The relations between La Follette and Roosevelt at this point were harmonious. Would not the Senator come to New York for a conference at his earliest opportunity? he wrote from the *Outlook* offices in December. He added that his son, Ted, who was working in San Francisco, was a La Follette enthusiast. But Roosevelt did not propose to commit himself without the reservations which so often marked his public utterances. La Follette's petitions continued:

> . . . . I note what you say about some states not being ready for the entire program. That is doubtless true. So it was in Wisconsin at every step of our advance. . . . If we wait for them all to be ready it will be a generation before we get very far with our legislative program . . . .
>
> Now, Colonel, can't you consistently give this movement the benefit of your great name and influence? Practically all thoroughgoing Progressives—senators, congressmen and governors—have already joined. Pinchot, Garfield, William Allen White, Charles R. Crane, William Kent and many others are in.

The National Progressive Republican League had to be content with modified endorsement by Roosevelt in the pages of the *Outlook*. The editorial began with the statement that "wherever there is any reason for caution, we are not only

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of December 19, 1951

A reporter who called on Senator James J. Dapper in his office in the Senate Office Building last week observed a framed motto on the wall reading, "Do a Good Deed Every Fifty Years."

"Real estate operators gave up the practice years ago of building observation towers in the form of unrentable office buildings," declared the president of the Metroburg Real Estate Board of Trade, "and have secured all their profits from those who visit the towers as sightseers."

Recently published census figures showed that the 1940 federal statute designed gradually to break up large private holdings of land and to limit an individual's ownership to 240 acres, had by January 1, 1950, increased the number of landholders by more than 2000 per cent.

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content but desirous to make progress slowly and in a cautious, conservative manner." Roosevelt quoted his Osawatomie speech to show that he did not advocate over-centralization; that is, he quoted the parts of it which so stated and ignored the section which gave an impression exactly the reverse. He said nothing about the initiative, referendum and recall, but he did declare that Wisconsin, under the leadership of La Follette, had probably advanced "farther than any other state in securing both genuine popular rule and the wise use of the collective power of the people . . . ." This was followed in May by another article on the progress toward democracy shown by Wisconsin.

All the while the Taft administration progressed steadily toward defeat. Roosevelt assisted in the process, although probably without intending to do so at first. It was particularly thoughtless of him to choose the tariff for public discussion. This time downward revision took the form of a reciprocity agreement with Canada. In August, 1904, Roosevelt had analyzed this with the realism of a politician who saw the dangers which it entailed. No agreement to admit Canadian raw materials free and providing importation of American manufactured products into Canada without duty could be negotiated.

Taft, instead of ignoring reciprocity, called an extra session of Congress. When it was approved, Roosevelt's prediction in 1904 was fully borne out. Sir Wilfred Laurier's government fell because of it, and Taft was further weakened. It is quite possible that he might still have won in 1912 but for this ill-advised proposal, which Roosevelt had favored in 1911.

Taft's second error lay in seeking arbitration treaties with France and England. It is not to be wondered at that Taft was puzzled when Roosevelt opposed a treaty with any other power except Great Britain. Roosevelt had declared that "all really civilized communities should have effective arbitration treaties among themselves." His only reservation was that each contracting party must respect territorial integrity. ". . . . All other possible subjects of controversy will be submitted to arbitration," he said, except "the very rare cases where the nation's honor is vitally concerned."

But Taft, suggesting treaties with France and England whereby "all questions determinable by the principles of law and equity" were to be submitted to The Hague, faced the first important break with Roosevelt. In May, 1911, Roosevelt wrote in the *Outlook* that a treaty between the United States and Great Britain was possible because neither nation would commit an offense which could not be adjudicated. With any other nation this was impossible. On May 30 in an address in New York Roosevelt exhumed his ancient diatribe against "mollycoddles" and "unrighteous peace." Taft's treaties were rejected by the Senate. Taft persisted in his advocacy of arbitration and opened himself to a deliberate insult at the hands of Roosevelt the following December. The President had agreed to attend a dinner in New York in behalf of international peace and Roosevelt announced that he would not go. Instead he wrote an editorial for the *Outlook* expressing his opposition to arbitration.

". . . . It is very hard to take all the slaps Roosevelt is handing me at this time, Archie," said Taft to his aide. ". . . . I don't understand Roosevelt. I don't know what he is driving at except to make my way more difficult. . . . . It is hard, very hard, Archie, to see a devoted friendship going to pieces like a rope of sand . . . ."

The friendship no longer existed. Long before December, 1911, it had crumbled. Month by month Roosevelt was swinging further to the Left and away from the principles he had once believed firmly conservative. Taft, meanwhile, had slowly turned to the Right. Responsibility for the friction was not wholly Roosevelt's; Taft was also to blame. On October 24, 1911, Attorney-General Wickersham filed suit against the United States Steel Corporation and specified that the acquisition of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company during the panic of 1907 was one reason for the dissolution proceedings. This was the gravest of blunders. Taft must have known that Roosevelt was peculiarly sensitive about the deal negotiated by Gary and Frick, and therefore insistent that it had been honorable, righteous and to the best interests of the nation. The reply was prompt. The ex-President defended the absolute wisdom of his action in permitting the United States Steel to take over the Tennessee Coal and Iron. The suit to dissolve the steel trust, he said, "has brought vividly before our people the need for reducing to order our chaotic government policy as regards business."

•

Next week Mr. Pringle tells of the dramatic events leading to the formation of the Progressive party, and of Roosevelt's final decision to return to the Republican fold in 1916 because "you can't hold a party like the Progressive party together . . . . There are no loaves and fishes"

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For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

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